

The TATLER

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Nov. 30, 1932



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The TATTLER

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LADY PAMELA SMITH

Bertram Park, Dover Street

The younger of the two beautiful daughters of the late Lord Birkenhead and the sister of the present Earl. Lady Pamela was Chairman of the Young Ladies' Committee of the Dinner which the Dowager Countess of Birkenhead and the Marchioness of Linlithgow arranged in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital and which was held at the Savoy last night (November 29)

THE LETTERS OF EVE



LADY ALINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER, THE
HON. MARY ANNA STURT

A most successful mother and child study and a great achievement in natural posing. Lady Alington, who was married in 1928, was then Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and is the eldest of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's three daughters. The little girl in this picture is Lord and Lady Alington's only child



A FERNIE GROUP AT SHEARSLEY LAST WEEK

Lady Kathleen Rollo, the Marquess of Downshire's sister, Major W. F. Massey, the secretary of the Fernie, than whom none goes better over this stiffly fenced domain, Miss Massey, and Miss Lascelles. Leicestershire is gradually being declared free of the foot and mouth scourge

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—Can it be, I wonder, that Providence doesn't take too good a view of the deliberations of our politicians at Westminster? For nine times out of ten we seem to have a cold and rainy day for the opening of Parliament. And, as usual, it's the women, those unfortunate Peeresses of the Realm, who have to suffer. But they are evidently pretty hardy. For they rarely get pneumonia after waiting about and searching for their cars in evening clothes and very thin shoes.

Luckily the discomforts come only at the end when it is all over. They are landed safely at the House of Lords, and inside there is a sort of ante-room with a blazing fire where they can linger for some time and talk before taking their places, as there is a long time to wait before the entrance of the King and Queen.

* * *

It is a wonderfully impressive ceremony this, and the Royal Gallery was packed with people to see the procession from the Robing Room, while the waiting peeresses sat quietly in the dim light. I could not help being intrigued by the distinctions in the seating. The ambassadresses, duchesses, and marchionesses all very close together and, separated by a slight gap, the countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.

Even in the semi-obscurity it was easy to single out Lady Londonderry, in gold and silver and a blaze of jewels, Lady Cowdray in a wonderful all-round tiara, and the Duchess of Sutherland, who always looks her best



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MISS NANCY
BEATON AND SIR HUGH SMILEY

Two exceptionally popular cadets of the younger set in Society. Miss Nancy Beaton is the elder of the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beaton of Sussex Gardens, and Sir Hugh Smiley is in the Grenadiers, and his family seat is Great Oaks, Goring Heath, Oxfordshire

at State functions. But when the lights burst up at the Royal entrance and there was dead silence except for the rustle of everyone standing up, all eyes were turned on the Queen, who looked quite beautiful.

* * *

The afternoon party at Londonderry House the day before was a very large affair and it broke up much earlier than a good many people had expected. The guests, were asked to meet the Prime Minister and the party was by way of lasting until 7.30. But several who could not manage to arrive before half-past six found that the P.M. had left and that everything was practically over. However, they were able to enjoy a tour of the pictures, for there are many very well worth seeing at L. House.

* * *

Talking of invitations, Mayfair has been mildly amused just recently by two hostesses. Not ignorant newcomers you must understand. There would be nothing to laugh at in that. But two whose own confidence that they could *never* commit the smallest social error has always been shared by the rest of us. Now we feel a little shaken, for one of them, having recently acquired the distinction of Honourable (her own, not her husband's), added the prefix to her cards of invitation for a party; and the other invited a number of her English friends "to meet the Duchess of —." Just an unroyal English duchess! Needless to say, both cards are at a premium among collectors.

A part from State functions and political parties, last week was both busy and exciting. On Sunday, young Yehudi Menuhin played to an audience which would have been four times the size if the Albert Hall had had four times the capacity. There is surely something miraculous about this fifteen-year-old boy. His playing of three difficult and exacting concertos, without music, was in itself a great achievement, but his beauty of tone, his perfect phrasing, and his extraordinary musical maturity leave one gasping. The second item on the programme was a hitherto unknown Mozart, and at the end of the third—the Elgar Violin Concerto—even the hardest-boiled members of the audience felt very near tears! When the dignified and venerable figure of Sir Edward Elgar was literally dragged on to the stage by this boy, who had just interpreted him so wonderfully, the roof of the Albert Hall rang with the cheers of the audience. Rather a new experience for it.

Amongst the many well-known people who came to hear him were Sir Alfred Beit and Lord Berners, Lady Cunard, Lady Jowitt, Mr. Simon Elwes, Mr. Ernest Milton, the actor, and Sir Henry Wood, who looked as if he were getting himself in fine training for more concerts. I noticed that at one period during the proceedings, he rose and prevented a flash-light photographer from doing his worst while the music was actually going on. It is hard to imagine the effect of a sudden blinding flash on such sensitive performers as Sir Thomas Beecham and young Menuhin. Fortunately, Sir Thomas's back was to the camera, otherwise there might have been trouble! As it was, he kept the audience in suspense for several minutes while he waited for one unfortunate lady to make her way up the long flight of stairs leading to the exit! Sir Thomas stands no nonsense from anyone, and I pity the photographer who treads upon his distinguished toes.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the Duchess of Sutherland's ice carnival on Tuesday.



THE RIGHT HON. MR. JUSTICE WYLIE, M.S.H., AND MRS. WYLIE AT DUNBOYNE

Mr. Justice Wylie is the hard-riding Master of the famous Ward Union Staghounds, and anyone who can go better over the formidable Dublin and Meath country you would have to travel far to find. A good many people know to their cost that Whyte Melville spoke the truth when he said that a horse may be grassed and his rider floored in a couple of shakes when they start with the Ward

all-round young man is now working with Lord Fitzwilliam.

I have noticed a decided improvement in the quality of cocktail parties. No doubt because they have assumed a new dignity with the gradual disappearance of the more formal functions. Mr. Willie Somerset Maugham gave a grand one last Tuesday. Whatever the differences of opinion about his play, there was complete unanimity about accepting his invitation.

He gave it in the Pinafore Room at the Savoy, with his enchanting young daughter, Lisa, as hostess. The food and drink ranged between caviar and tea, and the celebrities ranged in every direction, though they were principally theatrical, since the party was given for the members of his cast. Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, of course, Miss Marie Tempest, the eternally young, Miss Marjorie Mars, who was in earnest conversation with Sir William Jowitt, and Miss Gladys Cooper, who was so stiff after

(Continued overleaf)



OFF TO AMERICA: MR. NOEL COWARD AND THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DUDLEY

Mr. Noel Coward, England's most successful and also most diligent playwright, flitted off to America last week, and the results of his expedition we shall hear about later on no doubt. Lady Dudley was Miss Gertie Millar, the famous actress. The late Lord Dudley died in June

This hardy annual event was slightly less crowded than I have known it, but it was all the more enjoyable on that account. The duchess's supper party included Lord and Lady Abingdon, Lord Ednam, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lady Betty Butler, and the Milbankes. And at Lady Cunard's immense table nearby sat Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Castlerosse, Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Lord and Lady Jersey, Mr. Colin Davidson, and Mr. Gabriel Wolkoff. The two parties joined up later in the evening when Prince George arrived and spent most of their time being caricatured by "Bela."

Red and white seemed to be the two most popular colours. The Duchess of Sutherland's immense shoulder cape of scarlet cock's feathers was so startling that Lady Cunard's white ostrich feather boa was for once put in the shade! Lady Jersey had silver sequins on her white dress, and Lady Lavery, who came with the Ridgeley Carters, wore white gardenias in her hair. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe looked very lovely but very delicate and kept on her fur coat throughout the proceedings.

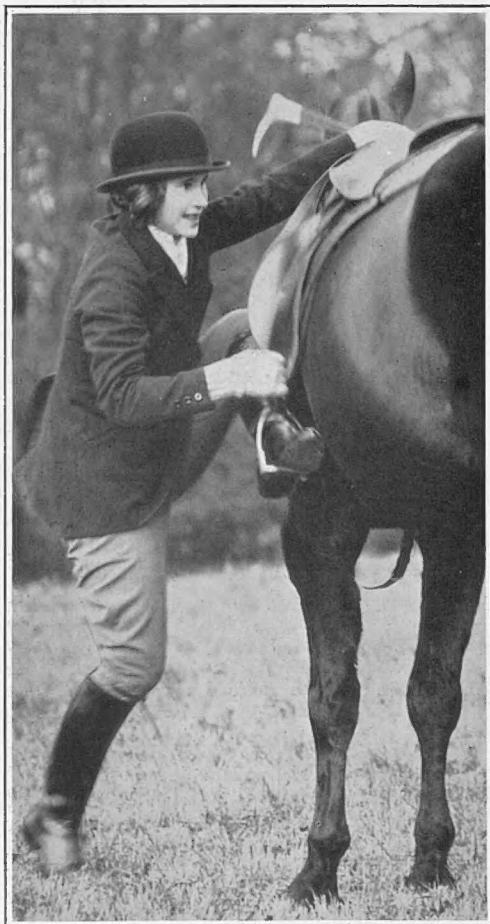
It was a case of skating on thin ice towards the end of the evening, but no one seemed to mind. Phil Taylor, dressed in glittering gold sequins, did incredible things with his skates separated from the rest of him by a very long pair of stilts. And Mr. Jack Mitford was certainly the most strenuous of the amateurs. This good-looking,



IN LONDON TOWN: LADY MAPPIN, LORD PORTARLINGTON, AND A FRIEND

A supper-time snapshot in town last week. Lady Mappin, who was formerly Miss Ruby Gordon Duff, is the wife of Sir Charles Mappin, Bart., and was married in 1930. Lord Portarlington, of course, needs no introduction

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued



WITH THE LOUTH HOUNDS: THE
HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON

This picture was taken when the Louth met at Gormanston Castle, the seat of Lord Gormanston, who is the Hon. Antoinette Preston's brother. The late Lord Gormanston died in 1925. Eileen Lady Gormanston, his widow, is the daughter of the late Lieut.-General Sir William Butler and Lady Butler, the famous painter of "The Roll Call," and other well-known Crimean War pictures

lit by sunlight; on the other, a wall lined with valuable books. The garden is painted and electrically lit; the books, too, are artificial. They disappear at the pressing of a button and reveal a glittering array of bottles.

Mrs. Grahame-White is a wonderful hostess and she did a lot of the mixing and glass-washing herself though there was a barman laid on. She gave us American drinks including champagne punch which was an enormous success. The chief lion of the party was Mr. Eddie Goulding, though among the other guests were Countess McCormack and Mr. Sweeney and his fiancée, Miss Whigham.

That other lion from America, Mr. Peter Arno, is still being fêted round London, so he is having plenty of opportunities to do what he hoped to do when he arrived. And that, as he confided to me, is to get local colour. At the party Mrs. Benny Thaw gave for him I found him doing a caricature of Autori who, in turn, retaliated. Mr. Cecil Beaton

a day's hunting that she could hardly walk. Among the rest were Lady Oxford, Miss Mary Borden, Lady Ravensdale, the George Leons, Mr. Edward Knoblock, and the Geoffrey Toyes.

Mrs. Grahame-White's party the same day at her house in Balfour Place was a birthday celebration. The innocent suggestion of the one candle on her birthday cake was in keeping with the very innocent appearance of her basement cocktail bar. A prohibition agent on entering that sanctum would see on one side a flower garden

then put the finishing touch by drawing both of them drawing each other. A swopping of pictures followed.

How poor Hugo Rumbold would have enjoyed a party like that. It is hard to believe that we shall never see him again. He was such a delightful person with his instinctive lovely manner, his patches of brilliance, and his quite unique wit. And the slight stammer that was part of his charm. I was lunching with him one day at a restaurant and he was trying to order sauté potatoes. The waiter, with an oddly mysterious expression, suggested that it was not a good time for them. "W—why," asked Hugo, looking really concerned, "is it the m—mating season?"

I hear that the title of Mr. Anthony Asquith's new film is *A Kingdom for 5s. 6d.* He has just finished shooting it, and is now absorbed in the still more tricky business of cutting. The last part of the shooting was done at night at Harringay at the end of the dog racing, and that was finished about ten days ago. Lady Oxford went down several times to see him at work, and spent a whole night at the studio fortified only with sandwiches.

That was just before she went away, but her absence was only a short one, for she is expected back to-day. Only a few people will be moving now before Christmas, and I suppose fewer than usual afterwards. Among the exceptions are Sir Delves Broughton, who has already gone to Kenya by air, Lady Grigg who went to Spain last week, Lord Cadogan who has gone off on a five months' cruise round the world, and Lady Suffolk who is spending the next six months in the States. Lady Somerleyton is planning a visit to South America, and the Duke of Sutherland will go to Palm Beach after his visit to the Grahams in Rome.

I am glad to say that Lady Glenconner has returned to us from Scotland and has settled again in her charming house at Hampstead. She is one of the few people in London lucky enough to possess a really large garden, and her house, which rejoices in the name of Admiral's Lodge, is Georgian, with windows opening on to a large veranda. She is fortunate enough to possess many of the lovely pictures from the late Sir Charles Tennant's collection, and her small son and daughter are so picturesque-looking that they might have stepped from a Hoppner canvas.



MRS. MICHAEL PORTMAN AND HER DAUGHTER DAVINA

Before her marriage Mrs. Portman was Miss Madeleine Charles, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Charles. Amongst her little daughter's god-parents were Mr. G. W. B. Portman, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lady Anne Hunloke, Lady Durham, and Mrs. Reggie West

To-night being St. Andrew's Night, every good Scotsman in London will be celebrating, with pipes and reels and haggis. I'm told that the jester at the Savoy, where so many of them will congregate, has collected a number of Aberdonian jokes and made Irishmen the heroes who find it difficult to part! Yet I thought that Scotsmen and Jews had one great quality in common. And that is the sense of humour which makes them delight in inventing and telling these stories against themselves. —Yours ever, EVE.

THE NEWEST FILM: "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S"



MISS FRANCES DAY, MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY,
AND MR. LESLIE HENSON



AND ENCORE
MISS FRANCES
DAY



LADY TREE

This new talkie is the very last word and is being given us some time early in the New Year by London Film Productions, Limited. The producer is Alexander Korda, who is one of the managing directors of the company. Most of the film has been shot in France, but the cast, as will be observed, is all-British and all distinguished. Stanley Holloway, who is a pillar of amusing strength to anything with which he may be connected, is backed by another great merry-maker, Leslie Henson, with George Grossmith as a most formidable support to these shock troops. The film story is based on the French farce, "La Dame de Chez Maxim," and the period is what was called "the gay nineties"



MISS FRANCES DAY AND MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH

THE CINEMA : At the Tivoli

By JAMES AGATE

I WONDER whether the film is beating the theatre as definitely as all the appearances indicate. At the moment of writing we have with us the greatest living French actor, Sacha Guitry, playing to handfuls of people at the Cambridge Theatre. Let it be supposed that that tenth-rate actor but admirable film buffoon, Maurice Chevalier, were to make a personal appearance, say at the Palace Theatre, and we know that all traffic would be stopped from and to Piccadilly, Tottenham, Bloomsbury, and the South. In fact anyone lunching at the Ivy would have to remain there for the rest of the day! The situation has got to be reckoned with, for it is here and cannot be denied. I see in it the evidence of a new taste, that taste which was ushered in by the internal combustion engine. Some little time ago Mr. Clifford Bax wrote an essay to prove that taste for the arts was evidence of a decay in civilisation, and that a new taste for mechanics was proof of re-birth. He did not himself believe a word of this essay. But it gave one to think. It made me realise that whereas the smart thing to be interested in a hundred years ago was strophe and antistrophe, the correct thing to-day is crank-shafts and carburettors. Nobody to-day wants to see a great actor play Hamlet, but millions would flock to see the littlest actor in the part provided the performance was televised on to a screen a quarter of a mile away. I am persuaded that the dullest programme the B.B.C. can devise, beginning and ending with Bach and enlivened with chunks of Bach in the middle, will be found better fun by the wireless fan than would an actual concert crammed with the world's liveliest masters. Heard melodies are sweet, but how much sweeter when they are heard through a tin trumpet! The public, then, adores anything which comes to it through a mechanical medium, and that is one of the pulls which from now onwards the film will always have over the theatre.

But there is another and equally strong pull, which is the foreknowledge that from the film-goer not the most fractional bit of cerebration will be demanded. Let your attention wander in the theatre for five minutes and you feel that you have lost something. Let it wander in the film, and it is inconceivable that it would make any difference. The whole art of the play is to prepare the play-goer for something, show him that something, and deduce something; the whole art of the film consists in being able to entertain somebody entering in the middle of it and sitting through it and the rest of the programme till the bit at which he entered comes round again. The other day I wandered into a cinema because it was raining and nearer than the Club! I beheld a mother, painted and pencilled and obviously a very naughty old rip, dash a glass of champagne from the hand of dewy innocence and bid the handsome scoundrel go out of the young woman's life for ever. Whereupon the maiden crumpled up the older woman with a hefty crack on the jaw and made a bee-line for her lover's "bee-loud glade," to wit his sumptuous flat. Whereupon the older harridan uncrumpled herself, sat up, and delivered herself of the sentiment that "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges," using of course the film equivalent. Then the film ended, and Miss Aga Bena delivered herself of some blasts on the Whirlitzer, Laurel and Hardy gambolled, a company of Nubians executed the Highland Fling, Mickey Mouse extemporised, a turbanned Turk sang about pale hands he had loved, Miss Aga Bena obliged again, and then the screen showed us the old harridan, who had been on the screen when I entered, as a crinolined maid of eighteen being offered champagne

by a side-whiskered swell of the period and departing in a barouche for the halls of vice. Well, that was exactly as it should be in the cinema. I think it was somebody in *Alice in Wonderland* who regretted that you couldn't have the penalty first and the pleasure afterwards. But in the cinema you can, for here it can be arranged that the morning after shall precede the night before, and the nasty business of dying in the gutter got over in time to clear the way for the pleasures of seduction. Thus Nemesis is not only caught up but overtaken, cart rightly precedes horse, and the whirligig beginning with retribution leaves you to the untroubled enjoyment of riot. This in the theatre can never happen. "Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." I cannot imagine anyone who has strolled into a theatre in the middle of *Macbeth* sitting the clock round to see how Duncan got there.

The foregoing reflections are peculiarly apt since though I was in at the beginning of *Rome Express*, the Tivoli's new picture, and watched and listened carefully, I at once lost the thread of the story, which is far too complicated. Indeed there comes a point at which the villain having completely cleared himself commits suicide by throwing himself out of the train. Why? We see him commit the murder and we know that the French detective knows him to be the murderer. But, as I judge, there is not enough evidence even to bring him to trial,

with the result that a terrifically exciting film just peters out. The characterisation is so good and the photography so brilliant that I believe you would be just as excited if you began this film at the end. The direction by Mr. Walter Forde is first class, and but for the excessive elaboration of the plot and the weakness of the end I cannot see how a better picture of its kind could be devised. Mr. Forde has got together a first-rate cast. Indeed how good the cast is may be guessed when I say that Mr. Cedric Hard-



KATHLEEN BURKE, RICHARD ARLEN, "RICHY," AND "PRINCE"

This foursome of celebrities got caught by the camera at Hollywood during an off-moment whilst the "Island of Lost Souls" was being shot. "Richy" is the friendliest lion cub star on the Pacific Slope, and "Prince," the police dog, also has a very full engagement list

wicke is very nearly overshadowed, and would be were it not that he is obviously making tremendous efforts to be overshadowed! Mr. Donald Calthrop presents a striking cameo of terror, Mr. Hugh Williams is delightfully sleek and nasty, Mr. Frank Vosper is always just going to be very good, Messrs. Eliot Makeham and Finlay Currie achieve perfection, Mr. Harold Huth makes a great show of teeth, Miss Joan Barry displays her lovely nose and Miss Esther Ralston her complete countenance, while Miss Muriel Aked once more shows how much greater than art is nature. All these clever players are, however, swamped by the great talent of Mr. Conrad Veidt, who in turn is completely wiped off the screen by Mr. Gordon Harker. This extraordinarily fine artist has made himself into probably the greatest comic character in English since *The Diary of a Nobody*. In this film he presents the very essence of English stockbrokerhood, and his hollow voice booming the clichés of Saturday afternoon's nineteenth hole should be preserved for posterity as representing the spirit of England in the twentieth century. He tells bored listeners an interminable story every word of which is lost in a tunnel, from which we emerge to hear the story-teller's single laugh and his deep-voiced, fatuous: "That story always goes well!" We feel this actor's presence even when we no longer behold that long and casual jowl, like a bloodhound on the spree, and it is proof of the wit and perception of Mr. Forde's producing that he appreciated this. He gives us a shot of a poker table at which all the players except Mr. Harker are visible. But from the unseen corner comes the familiar voice uttering platitudes.

SOCIETY AND THE CAMERA

Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppell's two daughters, of whom this is a new portrait, have both come into the limelight of late as authors. Mrs. Trefusis has written two novels in French (no mean achievement), and Mrs. Cubitt has just published "Sister of the Sun" under her maiden name of Sonia Keppel. She is Lord Ashcombe's daughter-in-law

Mrs. Maurice Dreyfus (below) was the widow of Mr. Harold Hirst when she married Mr. Dreyfus in 1926. Her thirteen-year-old son, Hugh, is heir to the baronetcy of his grandfather, Sir Hugo Hirst, the well-known racehorse owner, whose place, Fox Hill, is near Reading



Dorothy Wilding
POPULAR SISTERS: THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT AND MRS. DENYS TREFUSIS



Yevonde
MRS. NICK PRINSEP

A charming person who used to be exceedingly well known in musical comedy as Anita Elson. Since her marriage, some three years ago, Mrs. Nick Prinsep has practically retired from theatrical activities, which is very sad for London. One of her last appearances was in "Lucky Girl" at the Shaftesbury



Yevonde
MRS. MAURICE DREYFUS AND HER SON, HUGH HIRST

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter

Barring a small area, which unfortunately takes in all the Belvoir Wednesday and the best of the Cottesmore Thursday, the foot-and-mouth restrictions are off, and this area will be free very shortly, barring fresh outbreaks. In the meanwhile the Quorn have been having first-class sport in the country round Hathern, and the Belvoir, besides running well in the heath country, have shown the Melton people that the Leadenham Vale carries a better scent and takes more getting over than most countries. The Broses arrive at the end of the month, and Jack, Marge, and the family are here, so there are few more left to arrive. Nothing much in the way of night life except a good bottle party at Culverthorpe, kindly lent in aid of the Belvoir covert fund.

Answers to Correspondents:

URBAN.—An entirely erroneous though pardonable idea. The sheep you saw with red on their heads had been so marked by hand in the market.

NOVICE.—Your reply, if any, when cursed for overriding, is an apology. "Aw nerts" is wrong, more especially with the Quorn.

ANONYMOUS.—We are returning your gift. The money required for the earth-stopper's lost spade is being raised by a jumble sale.

HILARIOUS.—Short of a voice trial we couldn't say whether the Fernie, Belvoir, or Quorn champion laughs loudest, and none of them will laugh last.

From the Fernie

Asbby Magna on Monday was outside the magic circle which is holding up the Leicestershire packs at present. On this day horse-boxes rolled up from all directions. The motor chief with the scarlet armlet of the Fernie hunt directed the traffic with constabulary precision. The M.F.H., South Atherstone, and his huntsman, Nimrod Capel, joined our ranks and, as most of the fun was spent in their territory, one felt in good company. Amongst the visitors who made up the large party from the cut-'em-downs were Lord Sefton, Count de Pret-Roose, and some others, also a sporting parson from the Blue and Buff. Lady Zia, who was out for a short period, must be congratulated on her win later at Leicester Races with her horse, Lady's Man. A quick find at Attfields and we were soon in the wake of a good fox who crossed the Gilmorton country before turning past Cotes-de-val to ground in Dunton Osiers. A sporting run, if not too good line when approaching the railway. A jog along the tarmac to Charlie's Gorse kept one on the qui vive! One lady slipped up but was luckily unhurt. Another ring into our neighbour's country and a final dart from Peatling Covert to Arnesby in the late afternoon ended a capital day's sport. Our Thursday and Saturday meets are still held up until restrictions cease.

From the Heythrop

Sarsden House was our rendezvous on Monday where, as usual, the Hermon-Hodge jumping powders were liberally dispensed. It is a pity that these powders act on the riders only as, judging by the holes in some of the walls and fences, some of the quadrupeds would be the better for a course of treatment. There was a very enjoyable hunt from Sarsgrove nearly to Heythrop in which falls were fairly numerous and the lady visitor on the trial horse added about a Cubitt of mud to her stature, while the Burford young lady displayed the Hall-mark of a muddy fall. On Saturday at Milton-under-Wychwood all the rank and fashion were out; there were black collars, green collars, white collars, and even a single-breasted swallow-tail coat made its appearance. We are now

eagerly awaiting zip-fasteners on coats and breeches, or possibly top-boots with buttoned bottoms to admit the foot. In the afternoon hunt in the Vale there was grief galore, due, as some thought, to the blind fences, but there are none so blind as those that don't see the hunt. The Joint Master of the Warwickshire had four (?) falls to his credit, or rather to his horse's discredit; with regard to the latter we hope Master has not been Dunne. We understand that the visitor on the grey horse is engaged in the advertising business, his horse's head becoming a *tableau vivant* of Black and White and its knees a ditto of "The Pink Un's."

From the York and Ainsty

Littleworth and the South pack have been in great form lately. The dog pack caught a fox at Alne Forest on Thursday, November 17, and had a nice hunt with another past Easingwold, the day ending with a gallop from Tollerton, whilst from North Howden on Saturday the bitch pack gave us a long hunt of two-and-a-half hours (during which we changed foxes) from Brindleys. It was a big right-handed loop, and hounds must have covered at least seventeen miles, though the point was only about five. That country being rather out of the way, except for those who use the special train or motor horse-boxes, there wasn't a big field out and, except for one immersion in a drain, very little grief. (Our neighbours, the Middleton, on the contrary, had a somewhat hectic time on this same day, having to remove at least three battle casualties in cars.)

Tuesday, 22nd, saw us among Sir Ben Dawson's foxes at Nun Appleton. It poured with rain, and we were all "wet to the werry waistbands of our breeches," as Mr. Jorrocks said. However, hounds as usual hunted well and kept us on the move most of the day.

From the Cheshire

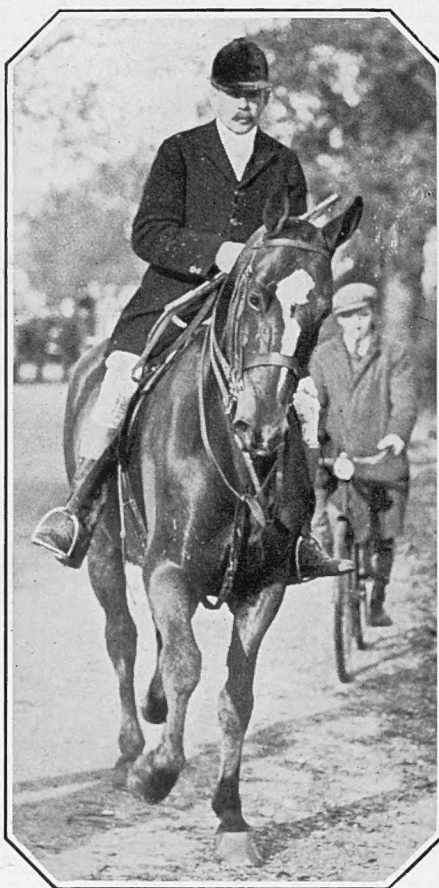
Tuesday from Tetton Hall cross-roads proved disappointing both for Captain Littledale, who does everything possible for hunting in that country, the huntsman, Master, and the field, the best being from Occleston, hounds running fast via the Manor and over the river into George's Dingle, where scent failed. Thursday from Dunham was really quite good, hounds running and swimming fast all day over a country more suited for boating and duck shooting, the hunt from the Barn House being the best, the owner of which gets little thanks for the hard work he puts in round the Barrow country. Friday from Brindley-ley produced a big field; scent was bad, and the field manners left much to be desired. From Riders Bank hounds hunted well in a left-handed ring by Bath Wood practically to Cholmondeley, although slow was

the best of the day, and might have been better if we had all tried to assist the Master by occasionally standing still when Joe was casting. Tuesday from Wrenbury provided a good hound hunt from the Mosses to Cholmondeley Castle over nice country. Hounds, again finding in the Mosses later, accounted for their fox. "We hope the artist had a close-up view this time, the last effort being a 'bit hard' on the poor girl; also, although characteristic, we thought the subjects a little near the dogs." This damp weather must be trying to our dark military friend's super moustache, which unfurls like a safety curtain in rain or fog.

From Lincolnshire

Although the fog fiend was very much in evidence during the week, sport with the various county packs has gone very well. The Brocklesby's great day on Wednesday is still the talk of the North. Seldom have hounds been seen to

(Continued on p. xxxii)



Howard Barrett

SIR WILLIAM BASS, M.F.H.

This is not Sir William Bass' first Mastership of the Meynell (at present Joint with Sir Peter Farquhar), as he was Master one year with the late Mr. Gerald Hardy and Field-Master during Mr. Hilton Green's reign. He and his wife, Lady Noreen Bass, are immensely popular in the country

HUNTING, RACING



Truman Howell
WITH THE CROOME: LORD AND LADY
COVENTRY



AT WARWICK RACES: LADY MURIEL
WORTHINGTON AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER
ROUNDALL, R.N.

AND HOLLYWOOD



Truman Howell
LORD AND LADY HENRY SEYMOUR WITH
THE CROOME



Martin Cross
A WEST SOMERSET GROUP: SIR DENNIS BOLES, M.F.H., AND LORD AND
LADY JELLCOE AT A RECENT TRYST



"BENGAL LANCER" MAJOR YEATS-BROWN AND
MISS NANCY CARROLL IN HOLLYWOOD

The camera gun swings on rather a wide angle in these pictures, for it ranges from that happy hunting ground, the Croome country, where Lord Coventry appropriately perpetuates the family tradition in the Mastership—the hunt was founded by the late Earl—to Warwick races, where the going was almost as heavy as it is out fox-hunting, to Lord and Lady Jellicoe with Master of the West Somerset (Sir Dennis Boles), to "Bengal Lancer" (Major Yeats-Brown) discussing the filming of his famous book with pretty Nancy Carroll in the Paramount Studios in Hollywood. "Bengal Lancer" ought to make a really wonderful film, the only regret being that it is not being done in England. Lord Henry Seymour, who is in one of the Croome snapshots, is, incidentally, the Marquess of Hertford's brother and heir-presumptive



ENGAGED: MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY

The Society engagement of last week was Miss Marjorie Brassey to Mr. Hugh Peacock, a son of the late Mr. Hugh Peacock of Greatford and of Mrs. Peacock of Woodlands Thorpe, Norwich. Miss Brassey is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham. Colonel Brassey formerly commanded the 1st Life Guards before the amalgamation

be one way to Heaven. It is when we utterly condemn ourselves that we mount another stepping stone towards better things. And if we don't thus condemn ourselves it matters not the least what the world screams in condemnation; spiritually we *haven't moved!* Thus to pray to be delivered from temptation can easily lead us nowhere at all, even provided that prayer is granted; which, incidentally, it seldom is, because most of the temptation from which we are delivered does not come into the sphere of our inclination. And this, strangely enough, makes so many of us extremely pompous. Yet, if the truth must be told, it is often less tragic to be a so-called outcast from the world than to be an outcast from all which brings us to peace and happiness and fulfilment. That, indeed, is where the tragedy of life begins and ends. And one can go through that tragedy just as easily by being good as by being bad. For half the awfulness of life is not due to ourselves at all, but to other people's relations with us; relationships in which truthfully we have no very great concern. There is a remarkable passage in Somerset Maugham's striking story, "The Narrow Corner" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), spoken by the girl whose lover shot himself because he discovered that in a moment of passing animalism she had been—well, just an animal. "What right have people to make an image after their own heart," she protests, helplessly, "and force it on you and be angry if it doesn't fit you? He wanted to imprison me in his ideal. He didn't care who I was. He wouldn't take me as I am. He wanted to possess my soul, and because he felt that there was somewhere in me something that escaped him, he tried to replace that little spark within me which is me by a phantom of his own fancy. I'm unhappy, but I tell you I don't grieve. And Fred, in his way, was the same. When he lay by my side that night, he said he'd like to stay here always on this

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A First-rate Novel.

As one looks back upon one's life, among the more disconcerting emotions in this retrospection is the realization that one learnt far more wisdom from one's mistakes than ever one did from bodily prudence and soul cautiousness. To sin can well

island, and marry me. . . . He made a picture of his life, and I was to fit in it. He wanted, too, to imprison me in his dream. It was a different dream, but it was his dream. But I am I. I don't want to dream anybody else's dream. I want to dream my own. All that's happened is terrible and my heart is heavy, but at the back of my mind I know that it's given me freedom." Nevertheless, she too is self-deceived. "Some day she also will try to make either the world, or someone living in it, conform to her dream, and that is where human relationship is the most difficult problem in life. Not one in a million ever solves it, and they also are lonely and unhappy. The man who said that in heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage knew well the foundation of happiness, though by marriage, I suppose, he meant the sex urge. Again, Fred, the young man who fell to the physical lure of his friend's fiancée, though at the time he did not know they were engaged, was a victim of other people's dreams. He was young, he was good-looking, he was human, but his life had been turned into hell simply because of these things. With him women turned Sex into melodrama and ruined his life. Incidentally, this story is the story of Western outcasts in the East; men living in degradation according to the Western world, but men living more or less in peace with themselves because they are allowed to be themselves through the mere fact of being outcast. It is one of the most striking stories which Mr. Maugham has ever written. It pulsates with that kind of life which satisfies, because it is real, with none of the fal-lals and trimmings with which the world also likes to embroider its own dream. Moreover, the story is constructed with the perfection of one of his own plays. It is a novel which I defy you to lay down once you have started to read it. It is also a story which you will remember long after you have closed the book.

Thoughts from "The Narrow Corner."

"Many people are indulgent to the vices they practise, and have small patience with those they have no mind to;

some, broader minded, can accept them all in a comprehensive toleration that is more often theoretical than practical; but few can suffer manners different from their own without distaste."

"Nothing hurts the feelings of a crook so much as to have another crook do the dirty on him."

"At long last I have learnt that it is we exiles from life who get most value from it. For the way of knowledge is the true way, and that way passes every door."

"What gives an ideal beauty is that it's unattainable. The gods laugh when men get what they want."

"You start a thing and you don't think twice about it, and then there's hell to pay."

... and Another.

In "Flowering Wilderness" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Galsworthy takes us back into a very different world; a world of contemporary London, a world of the pukka sahib attitude and limitation, of the collateral descendants of the Forsytes. And yet something of the same tragedy runs through the story. Wilfrid Desert belonged spiritually to the race of Bohemians, the race without a country. Dinny, the girl who loved him so desperately, had a very definite country and also a background. By way of the desert, the Eastern bazaars, had come a discreditable story concerning Desert,



Marcus Adams

LADY MAUD CARNEGIE AND HER SON

Lady Maud Carnegie (H.H. the Princess Maud) is chairman of the Mystery Ball, which is being held at the Café de Paris on December 13 and is in aid of the Women's Holiday Fund. Ladies are asked to wear only jewels that have been bought at Woolworth's. Prizes will be given for the most artistic and the most gaudy displays. The members of the Crime Club are lending a hand in the judging and general supervision

(Continued on p. 360)

WAR' WHEAT!

By GEORGE BELCHER. A.R.A.



"Can you let me 'ave something for my wife's corn? It's the most painful one I've ever known"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

which put him beyond the pale of the London clubs and all those who made up Dinny's world. Realizing that only through complete honesty can a man find peace, Desert published the true story in a poem which not only achieved success as poetry, but as the truth behind a scandal. And for this the world of the pukka sabibs found it even more difficult to forgive him than for the original offence. How wonderfully Mr. Galsworthy paints the picture of Dinny's loving relations trying in vain to help her towards happiness, and at the same time to prevent her finding it in the only way which spelt happiness for her. They meant so well; they were from their own point of view so justified, and yet they never touched understanding at any point. All the same, one wonders, providing Dinny had found happiness in a life with Desert, whether it would have endured beyond the early ecstasy! One can only believe and dread that he would eventually have wounded her deepest feelings, not because of what he might do, but because of what intrinsically he was. His mind wandered desperately searching after truth through other labyrinths than her's. And yet what a lovely portrait Mr. Galsworthy has given us of this girl who was ready and willing to take the risk for the man she loved, only to be defeated, not by the battle, but by something in the psychological make-up of the man himself. Incidentally, this is a sequel to "Maid in Waiting," published last year. If you remember, that story concerned young Hubert Cherrell, who nearly came to grief through the shooting of a native porter in Bolivia in self-defence. It was then his sister Elizabeth (Dinny) who did so much to save him. Now, in this latest story, it is she, Dinny, who is in trouble. I can only conclude, however, with the hope that later on Mr. Galsworthy will tell us what happened to the two unhappy lovers whose story makes "Flowering Wilderness" such a deeply moving novel.

* * *

Thoughts from "Flowering Wilderness."

"One's eyes are what one is, one's mouth what one becomes."

"There is perhaps no better test of woman's character than to keep her waiting for lunch in a public place."

"In old days men did the advancing and women were blamed; now women do it and the men are blamed."

"Nothing is more galling than to be backed up by people who don't understand, and who don't understand you."

"Being in love is worse in the country—there's the cuckoo."

* * *

Another Tragedy of Contrasts.

"Snow in Harvest" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), by Joanna Cannan, is yet another study of the tragedy of human contrasts brought disastrously together through physical needs masquerading as spiritual calls. Personally I would have gladly murdered Alicia. One felt sorry for her husband Geoffrey, but really one good horse-whipping of his wife might have purged

his domestic happiness of a great deal of the dross which encumbered it. Alicia was a crank. Vegetarianism, fresh air, Communism, she was a fiend in each department. Everlastingly she carried her tub with her, and one could scarcely air an opinion regarding the weather without her mounting to thump it. She thought such a proceeding made life thrillingly intellectual. It was her belief that by doing so she could make men forget her sex and regard her merely as a pal. Unfortunately, a woman's idea of being a man's pal, and the kind of pal a man yearns for in a woman, are usually poles asunder. In each other's dreams, they stand utterly incomprehensible and apart. Alicia's dream being more violent and definite and possessive, Geoffrey had to submit—hiding away his own dream within that inner life of which his wife was utterly unconscious, being far too taken up by her own. True, something of the

former romantic love which he had felt for a Russian dancer while he was attached to the British Embassy in St. Petersburg before the War revived when, years later and after he was married and the father of two children, they met again. But although Alicia made this stirring of an old romance the reason for divorce proceedings, which she lost, it was never a very serious effort on the part of Geoffrey for the recapture of his own soul. Incidentally, I wondered if a man who once had made a wealthy Russian nobleman deliberately drunk in order to pay him back in his own coin would have submitted so quietly to this wife, until at last he became little more than a chilly worm in a home devastated by hygiene. Also, if Alicia would have become the woman she did, when at our first meeting she was suffering so acutely because one of the girls to whom she was teaching English literature misquoted a significant line of poetry. Truth to tell, however, Alicia and Geoffrey seem to suffer a sudden change after the story has once got started, and this, I suppose, makes the novel—interesting as it is, and worth just about two hundred of the average novel—rather unconvincing. Coincidence, too, is given a little more latitude than belongs to probability, and Maimie, the girl who creates most of the mischief, and Tanya, the Russian dancer, never struck me as being more than puppets, dancing for a purpose. But for the character study of Alicia you must not miss this book. She belongs to the ignoble army of the Great Unmurdered. Here is her portrait in brief: "Alicia lived soberly, but read with bravado; from Shaw and Joyce and Lawrence she had learned all about men and life, and her reading had made her what, in the confusion of the twentieth century, we call broad-minded; she sympathized intensely with thieves, perverts, regicides, black men and fallen women, and was stubbornly, even violently prejudiced against clergymen, colonels, athletes, Empire-builders, and suburban wives."



MR. PETER ARNO ARRIVES

It should, of course, be added at high speed "in London" because he "arrived" in the artistic sense some time ago both in "The New Yorker" and in London. Mr. Arno is only thirty, but he has made even the American editor sit up and take notice of his scathing wit and masterly draughtmanship. Everyone of course will go to the Leicester Galleries to see his clever television of life in New York

* * *

Thoughts from "Snow in Harvest."

"Age doesn't hurt if it's a fulfilment, a growing out of things. But you can't grow out of things you haven't had."

"Women seldom speak impersonally. It takes a man to read the lessons in church and *La Vie Parisienne* in the office."

AFTER DARK IN LONDON

The presence of Prince George gave a great fillip to the Hallowe'en Ice Carnival held last week at Grosvenor House. H.R.H. sat at the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's big table and watched with interest the many good turns, which included an ice hockey match, skating competitions, and a cabaret. The Duchess was organizer-in-chief of the Carnival, and must have been gratified by its undoubted success



AT THE HALLOWE'EN ICE CARNIVAL: LADY MILBANKE, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, AND LADY ABINGDON AT GROSVENOR HOUSE



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE, WITH THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND (right) LADY BRECKNOCK



ALSO AT THE ICE CARNIVAL

Lady Helen Stewart, her sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh, Lord Dudley, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh were others who lent their support to the Ice Carnival in aid of the "Rosemary Ednam" Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital



AT THE KIT-CAT

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares and Lord Leverhulme at the gigantic supper party which preceded the midnight pre-viewing, at the Capitol, of "Where is this Lady," an Amalgamated Films production with music by Franz Lehar, and Martha Eggert in the chief part. This lovely German star was present at the party, and both she and Mr. Owen Nares had plenty to say to the director of the film, Mr. Victor Hanbury



MISS GLORIA SWANSON, MR. AND MRS. GOULDING, AND MR. MICHAEL FARMER (right) AT THE "ROME EXPRESS" PREMIERE

The group on the left was taken at the New Victoria when the British picture, "Rome Express," had its world premiere. The occasion was to help the funds of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and Lady Howard de Walden, the organizer, afterwards presided at a party on the stage. Mr. Goulding produced the "Grand Hotel" film



AN AERIAL STOWAWAY ON THE N.W. FRONTIER, INDIA

A wonderful picture of something that happened to one of our patrolling planes at Miranshah, Waziristan, N.W.F., India. This rock eagle flew into this machine, completely buckling the metal main plane and compelling the pilot to land as quickly as possible. The head and crop of the eagle were securely wedged in the automatic slots. Four Bristol fighters are to be seen in the background

Amytation.

THOSE whom God hath joined together, the light aeroplane hath put asunder to the extent of 6,200 miles in just over four days. Marriage *à la* Mollison seems to consist mainly in a series of separate swoops to the other ends of the earth, undertaken alternately by the two partners of the union. Amy Johnson, to use the name under which she soared to fame, her *nom de zoom* so to speak, has done more than fly to Capetown in record time; she has created a notable aerial precedent, and demonstrated by personal example that woman's place is in the air. Henceforward, Amytation must be regarded as a serious and important branch of aviation. In aviation everything that man can do woman can do. Miss Earhart and Miss Amy Johnson, Lady Bailey and Mlle. Maryse Bastié have shown it. Lady Bailey, it may be recalled, first surveyed the west coast African route, and now Amy Johnson has set up a speed record over that route. The special attraction of her flight lay in its speed and in the fact that it was made by a woman. Those were the two things that concentrated the public's attention upon it. It was made clear that women pilots can be as efficient as men in the saving of seconds, and so to sex appeal was added secs. appeal. In courage, in stamina, and in skill Amy Johnson has shown herself to be without superior.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

While thus acknowledging defeat in the open championship field, so to speak, I must make the reservation that there still remain four accomplishments in which men remain immeasurably the superior of women: sewing, cooking, dress-making, and the care of babies. It is also permissible perhaps, without detracting in the least from the magnitude of Mrs. Mollison's feat, to shed a tear for the Helen and Cleopatra heroines of the past. It seems that the female militant draws all the plaudits of the populace in 1932, and the female amorous none. The newspapers of to-day will have no truck with passion except to call the Censor's attention to it. Ladies of unlimited allurements are not news, but ladies of laudable accomplishments are. It is eminently the heyday of the Great and the Good. Amy can monopolize the newspapers. On the occasion of her wonderful flight to Australia and on the occasion of her no less wonderful flight from England to Capetown, "The Daily Mail" momentarily became the "Amy Mail," and there was not a paper in London that did not do obeisance to her. The inference is that the emotions are at a discount, and that this is the day of the intellect. By her skill in navigation, by her courage, by her amazing physical endurance Amy Johnson has proved herself the perfect heroine of 1932.

H.R.H.

Aviation has much for which it must thank the Prince of Wales. He is not only the leading private aeroplane owner in the land in rank, but he is also the most persistent and the most serious. The Prince owns aeroplanes, and uses aeroplanes not merely as decorative appendages, but as part of his everyday travelling equipment. It was therefore with intense pleasure that all those interested in flying heard the other day that the Prince had ordered a new aircraft, and an aircraft differing in many ways from those he had been using for the past three years or more. The news, as it happened, came at an appropriate moment; for just then defeatism was in the air and people were moaning about the proposed international control of civil aviation and the quota of privately owned machines. It was not until much later that it was learnt that—whatever may have been the foundation for the reports about them—there was no intention of putting these proposals forward officially at Geneva in the name of Great Britain. But a great many people believed that they were to be put forward officially, and consequently jumped to the conclusion that flying was on the verge of disaster.

Just then the Prince authorized the statement about his new aeroplane. It came as a tonic, and seemed suddenly to alter the whole aeronautical outlook. It was an affirmation that one

of the most experienced private aeroplane owners in the country was so convinced of the utility of the aeroplane for ordinary travelling that he had decided to use it much more extensively in the future. Had it been deliberate, the timing of that announcement could not have been improved upon, and from the suspicion that aircraft might not be of very much use after all, people suddenly swung over completely to the conviction that they are of very great use indeed. It still remains for some others to follow the Prince's example and to buy aircraft for taking them on their business journeys. The Prince's new machine is a Vickers Viasra all-metal monoplane, with two super-charged engines. It has a top speed of 160 m.p.h. Normally this aircraft has a cabin seating twelve people.

Hiring Aeroplanes.

A famous firm of aircraft dealers has started a scheme for the hiring of aeroplanes. I shall hope to give full details of this scheme in a future issue.



F. King & Co.

TWO CELEBRITIES AT BRISTOL

Captain F. S. Barnwell (right), Chief Designer of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, with Captain L. P. Winters, the Aerodrome Manager at the Bristol Municipal Airport. Captain Barnwell had much to do with Captain Uwings' recent successful attack upon the world's aeroplane height record



A DECEMBER BRIDE: MISS ANGELA DU BOULAY

Dorothy Wilding

The awning will be up and the red carpet down at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 15, this being the date chosen for the marriage of Miss Angela du Boulay to Mr. Iain Murray, only son of Sir Malcolm Murray and the late Lady Hilda Murray. The attractive elder daughter of the late Colonel H. H. du Boulay and of Mrs. du Boulay came out some three years ago. She has not very much use for London, and has spent the greater part of her time with her grandfather, Mr. J. P. Hornung, at West Grinstead Park, going racing as often as possible, and closely studying the intricate subject of bloodstock breeding—these being two of her greatest hobbies. Miss du Boulay's future father-in-law has been Comptroller of the Household and Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, since 1907. Sir Malcolm Murray is also a Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park.

HUNTING DAYS



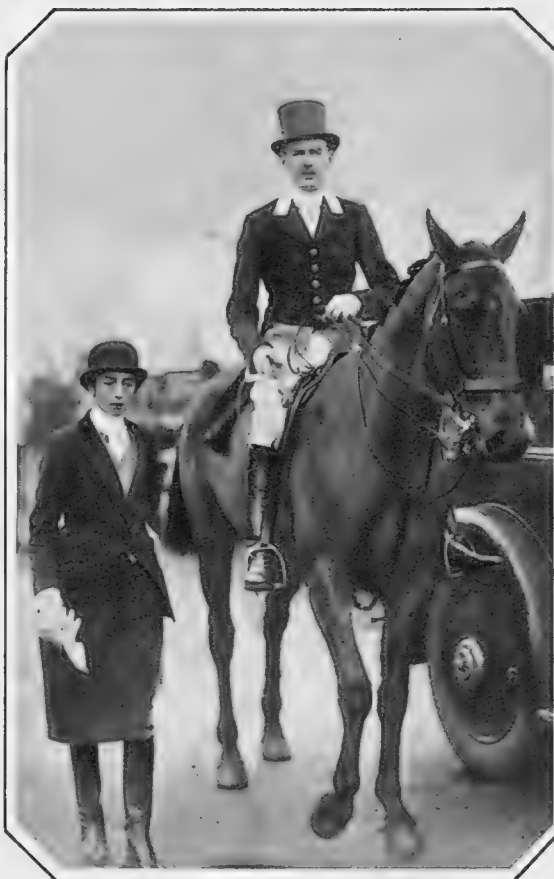
WITH THE QUORN AT HATHERN TURN:
MAJOR "GEOF" HARBORD, CAPTAIN REGGIE
FARQUHAR AND MRS. "DONNIE" PLAYER



AT THE PYTCHLEY'S EAST FARNDON TRYST:
COUNT METTERNICH WITH MISS D. PEARSON,
MRS. F. H. PEARSON AND MRS. ERIC PALMER



MORE MELTONIANS: MRS. JULIAN LEZARD
AND HER ELDER SON, LORD NORTHLAND



MEETING THE PYTCHLEY AT EAST FARNDON:
LORD NUNBURNHOLME AND MRS. WELLESLEY



MRS. JACK AND MRS. F. A. BELLVILLE
COULD NOT ESCAPE THE CAMERA

Quorn and Pytchley appointments engaged the personalities appearing on this page. The premier pack had a big field for their Hathern Turn fixture, and quite good fun followed. Major Harbord was in evidence as usual, and Mrs. Donnie Player, from Little Belvoir, was being very brave too. She only started hunting some two seasons ago, and adores it. The immaculate Captain Farquhar (what a leg for a boot!) is a brother of Sir Peter Farquhar, Joint Master of the Meynell. Mrs. Lezard, who used to be Mrs. Mike Wardell, is again hunting from Melton this season. The Pytchley have been well in the limelight, and they had particularly fine sport from East Farndon—three exhilarating gallops and a kill. This was the day after their Chapel Brampton tryst, when hounds were stopped at dusk after a two-hour hunt. Count Metternich, a distinguished visitor to the Shires, is a descendant of the famous Austrian diplomat, Prince Clement von Metternich

MASTERPIECES IN THE MARKET—AGAIN



LADY HAMILTON AS ARIADNE. BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802)



MRS. WILLIAM URQUHART.
BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN
(1756-1823)



MADAME SCHINDLERIN. THE SINGER.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792)

The beautiful pictures illustrated in this page are part of the private collection of the late Mr. Alfred H. Mulliken, of Chicago and New Canaan, Conn., U.S.A., which will go on exhibition at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, in New York, on December 31, before the collection is auctioned on January 5, 6 and 7, 1933. The collection comprises about 70 pictures of great importance; some magnificent English 17th and 18th century furniture, including some notable Carolean, Queen Anne and Chippendale items, and other antiques. The pictures are examples of the best expressions of the most famous English and French 18th-century masters of portraiture, including Gainsborough, Lawrence, Raeburn, Romney, Reynolds, Beechey, Nattier, Largillière, Vigée-Lebrun and Drouais. It is very difficult to say which of the four pictures which are selected



"LA MARQUISE DE TREVILLE."
BY GEORGE ROMNEY

for this page is the best, but both the Romneys make a tremendous appeal, even reproduced as they are only in photographic black and white. Mrs. William Urquhart was the wife of a Glasgow merchant, and some Raeburns of her and her husband are in the Glasgow Corporation Galleries. Catherine Schindlerin, the German singer, appeared in opera in London in 1775. The Marquise de Treville was the wife of an American of French extraction, and, being a neutral at the time of the French Revolution, he was able to do a good deal for the hapless émigrés

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



ARGENTINA—THE DIVINE

This wonderful Spanish dancer, who captivated all London this last summer, when she appeared under the management of the world's best showman, C. B. Cochran, is dancing in Paris at the time of going to press. She comes back to London in the spring

As usual, Très Cher, the big Théâtre des Champs Élysées was packed from floor to ceiling during Argentina's dance recital yesterday evening. She is, indeed, the only artiste who can fill this theatre, the finest in Paris and therefore the most often empty! I have come to the conclusion that a Parisian audience enjoys being uncomfortable, just as an English audience enjoys a good draught; it likes having its elbows and knees cramped, and, during the intervals, standing about, squeezed to breathlessness, in narrow passages and tiny lobbies. Even at the Champs Élysées, during the *entr'actes* it crowds—as if within an invisible, magic circle outside of which it is forbidden to roam—into one certain spot at the foot of the double staircase that leads up to the spacious (and empty) loggia at the back of the dress circle—or *corbeille*, as we call it over here. It is years now since any continuous series of performances have taken place at this theatre. Only concerts and dance recitals are given there, and short ballet or opera seasons, usually Russian or Italian.

Mr. Selfridge, who is such a frequent visitor, and who must know all the theatres of Paris inside out and back or front, was sitting in front of me, and he told me that, in all the years he has been coming here, this was the first time he had been inside the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, and that he considered it, as I do, the finest house in Paris. It was also the first time he had seen Argentina, and he was enchanted by her.

She danced divinely . . . as she always does, and was recalled again and again. Apart from her technique, her irresistible charm, her loveliness of form, the gorgeousness of her frocks, the perfect grace of her every movement—or perhaps because of all that—she is the most moving dancer I have ever seen; she goes straight to one's heart. She creates the atmosphere necessary to the character of each dance so effectively by the inward, whole-hearted sincerity of her interpretation that one seems to live the dance with her. I have never before understood the real meaning of being "carried away" by an artiste. Do you remember the *Puerta de Tierra* (music by Albeniz), that is a classic "bolero" danced entirely on the *demi-pointes* (or ball of the foot) and is the most difficult and intricate of all

her dances? She accomplishes it with a demure smile and downcast eyes, and yet her whole air is, at the same time, curiously grave . . . there is something so innocently lovely about her at certain moments during this dance that it always brings a lump to my throat, and I am not alone in this feeling, for last night I saw one of our most captious critics, André Levinson, wiping his eyes.

And read what C. B. Cochran has to say about her in "I Had Almost Forgotten" (page 272 and onwards). These "random revelations" reached me with some delay. The volume must have been held up at the Customs, for ten days elapsed between its posting and its arrival here. If you have to send Christmas books or gifts to Paris, Très Cher, it would be well to remember this.

How I have enjoyed these *Mémoires*! That "Cockie" is the world's finest showman goes without saying, but I also think he is the world's most entertaining autobiographer. Having occasionally had the joy of sitting by him at various festive boards—my own modest one amongst them—and meeting him at theatrical functions both in London and Paris, I knew from experience that he was a delightful *raconteur*, but somehow I did not expect him to "set down on paper," with the same concise brilliancy, the story of his thirty-odd years of showmanship.

There is not one dull moment, not one skipable paragraph, in the whole volume. The quiet, dry humour of it all . . . and the humanity! The kindness with which he glosses over the weaknesses of certain "stars" whom he has "managed" (in many senses of the word); the generous way he has, and the pleasure he takes, in telling a joke against himself; his shrewd but lovable philosophy—all make the most thrilling reading. His many friends on this side of the Channel must share my opinion, for within two days of their appearance on the English and American bookstalls in Paris, the copies of "I Had Almost Forgotten" vanished completely and new stocks had to be rushed over from London.

Dear Richard King, you forgive me for poaching on your preserves and burbling about this book, don't you? You see, C. B. mentions so many of my French pals and acquaintances: Spinelly, Eve Lavallière, Argentina—above-mentioned—Alice Delysia, Léon Morton, Rip, Yvette Guilbert . . . to name but a few, and he has so much to say about my beloved Paris that I have every reason to believe that I ought to write about it, and how can one resist duty when duty is allied with so much pleasure.

As usual, I have allowed "my enthusiasms"



MISS WANDA GREVILLE

A beautiful English film actress who first won her spurs in Paris before England discovered how good she is



IN PARIS: THE HON. FRANK ROCHE AND MRS. GODDARD

The Hon. Frank Roche is Lord Fermoy's twin brother and has a business in Paris. This picture was taken during a charming interruption. Mrs. Goddard was formerly Miss Ursula Wood and is well known in London society

to run away with me, and I have no space left for the Salon de l'Aviation, but nothing is more like one airplane than another airplane. They all have tails and wings and are painted in pretty colours, so let's leave it at that.

PRISCILLA.

ALICE, HERE ART THOU!



Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA: LEADING

The lady who first captured London in 1914, when she sang to us at the Ambassadors, has been carrying on the subjugating process ever since, and now is booked to play the lead under C. B. C.'s banner yet once more in the new show in December. Up to quite recently, Delysia was in that highly successful musical play, "The Cat and the Fiddle," which played Hey Diddle Diddle at the Palace Theatre for a full

Dorothy Wilding Old Bond Street

IN THE NEW COCHRAN SHOW

six months. Quite appropriately, she was cast for the part of a lady named "Alice," and she put all the full force of her vigour and personality into it. The new Cochran production is entitled "Mother o' Pearl," and it opens at the Opera House, Manchester, on Christmas Eve, and afterwards, of course, will come on to London, though at the moment no date and no theatre have been mentioned definitely.

ENTERTAINMENTS a la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



*A Sense of Decency,
or why Husbands
are shot*

SMALL TALK ABOUT A SENSE OF DECENCY:
JOAN BARRY. NIGEL BRUCE

A PICTURE on the front page of a Sunday paper last week bore the head-line, concerning a film girl, "Sacked Because She Wouldn't Undress." It is indicated, when Ronald Squire opens *Springtime for Henry* with a display of temper, that his late secretary has sacked herself because she was not asked to undress. This somersault of an accustomed motive is typical of most situations in the light, fantastic plot through which four characters only pass with elegant indecorum. Their unreality is thin but amusing. Although dressed in lively invention, this polite farce might seem a skeleton but for its make-up from first-class acting by three of the four performers.

More than half the amusement comes from interplay between Ronald Squire as Dewlip, rich bachelor by profession and chairman of Dewlip Motors by inheritance, and Nigel Bruce as Jelliwell, business man with a public school complex and a wife who has the best figure in London. Dewlip may manhandle the wife of Jelliwell, because they were in the Lower Third together; but Jelliwell insists on a Dewlip contract for his carburettors, because in the old days he frequently pinched Dewlip's buttocks during Divinity class. "Who steals my wife steals trash, ha-ha," is his attitude toward relations between his best friend and his Julia.

An early scene in which Isabel Jeans puts Ronald Squire through a sulky lover's paces brings some of the opulent lying which is a speciality of Mr. Squire (his explanation as to why, if made a co-respondent, he could not afterwards marry Julia Jelliwell is that he was married to an American girl living near Niagara Falls, who when they settled in Cumberland fancied herself to be Durham Cathedral, and thereafter was shut away in a home). The fourth member of Mr. Benn W. Levy's quartette turns the liar into a stickler for rosy truth, and



"THE BEST
FIGURE IN
LONDON":
ISABEL JEANS

the bovine truth-teller into a liar. Miss Smith in the farce, being Joan Barry, makes at any rate a remarkably pretty picture when, saved from a street accident by Jelliwell, she propounds her doctrine of the decent thing. Jelliwell, to justify his advances, must play up to the decent thing by pretending that he also has suffered from a lunatic wife.

Miss Smith, of course, happens to be the new secretary awaited by Dewlip, who engages her after only two questions—about her age and weight. Unable to harmonise the decent thing with the first letter given in dictation—it contains the sentence, "how I long to feel your dear body quivering in my arms," with three carbon copies for as many mistresses, and a top sheet for Julia Jelliwell—she has her nose pulled for criticism of an employer's conduct. Lovely purity, however, can overcome braggart rakishness; and Miss Smith soon inoculates Henry Dewlip also with her appalling decency.

His reformation, even in terms of farce, strains the theatrical stilts that have to carry it. It is permissible that he should have given up idling, gambling, and having his mistresses for cocktail-tea. It is in order that he should raffle his drink cabinet in a bazaar for temperance, and acceptable that he should invent a carburettor of his own, good enough to put his best friend's product out of business. It is a bit strained that he should write for the Dewlip Works Magazine an article on "The Sunny Smile that Helps," and quote copiously from Kipling's "If" piece—"If you can keep your head when all about you, Are losing theirs and blaming it on you." But the stilts extend too far when, in his club, he is made suddenly to ask each startled inhabitant of an arm-chair: "Have you ever known the love of a pure woman?"

Thus the new Dewlip, uneasily living up to a secretary imbued with monstrous virtue. As his reward, she has admitted to Ivy as a Christian name, and has consented to go with her employer to the Arts and Crafts Theatre, for an uplift play from the Jugo-Slavian. A rigidly moral proposal from Mr. Squire is clearly due. Julia Jelliwell cannot divert the course of too-true love; even by stamping on Henry Dewlip's shoeless toes. She is beaten by Miss Smith in a woman-to-woman battle of sneers, despite her resonant first shot when, examining her opponent's bag, she pronounces "Bourne and Hollingsworth!"

The usual interruption by telephone side-tracks the proposal, and reveals that the blonde dictator of morals has a son. How did she come by it? By the usual procedure, Mr. Dewlip. So Ronald Squire must work off disillusion by walking through a rainy night, and return with a sniffing cold that demands an eiderdown and a bowler hat while he listens to Miss Smith's life-story. He had misinterpreted her over the usual procedure—after all, a now-dead husband had been concerned in it. He was a Frenchman, and she shot him in the Touraine. Her motive was not that he had the Frenchman's customary mistress, or even that he had two mistresses, but that he insisted on bringing them to tea. When they were married they had mistresses for tea. So, after a fair warning which was ignored, she bought a second-hand revolver and shot him in the Touraine. The French judge and jury naturally discharged her, with a severe warning to other husbands addicted to mistresses for tea.

A comedy cast of four people always pairs itself off in the last act. It is part of Mr. Levy's slickness that until the last ten minutes we do not know which man shall pair off with Miss Smith, the beautiful but noble-minded slayer of husbands. Will Dewlip relent? Or shall Jelliwell turn from carbur-etter-peddling to moral philandering? Enter



APRÈS-MIDI D'UN ELEPHANT:
NIGEL BRUCE

Jelliwell, clamouring for the blood of the school chum who has insulted his wife. What sort of a friend is it that ruins one's married life by refusing to help a man to satisfy a difficult wife? Had enough of her, indeed—who the hell does he think he is?

Henry Dewlip recants from decency, and champions honest desire against the sort of love that leads to shooting in the Touraine. As before, his feelings toward Julia Jelliwell are those of any self-respecting animal that needs a mate; he is like an eagle wanting a fellow-eagle. So, when Jelliwell has made an appropriate exit with Miss Smith (it appears that they came to an off-stage understanding somewhere between the first and second acts), Henry follows Julia into his bedroom, shedding on the way, with rather too much emphasis, his bowler hat.

Well, *Springtime for Henry* may be a cross between a Palais-Royal farce and a cleverly devised charade, but as produced and acted at the Apollo it is enough to make a cat laugh for two hours (which it did indeed—I saw one of the most feline women in London wiping from her cheek tears of laughter, which running eye-black had made into a paste).

It is invidious to compare Ronald Squire's Dewlip with Nigel Bruce's Jelliwell, since both are very funny. One reason why the latter's performance stands out so definitely is that Mr. Squire again has a made-to-measure part, like several of his others (the comedy writers, including Mr. Benn Levy, seldom open new ground for him), whereas Mr. Bruce here has his overdue chance to provide an original figure of fun. It was said by Charles Lamb, about a comedian of his day, that he literally *made faces* with such capacity for revelation that a table or a stool, contemplated



I PULL YOUR LITTLE NOSE, MADAME:
RONALD SQUIRE AND JOAN BARRY

by him, became invested with a constellatory importance. ("He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and the stars about him.") Nigel Bruce, in this character, makes such an expressionless, beefy face that, inside his regard, a gazelle would seem an elephant, and a rainbow the projection of his school colours. The unvarying stupidity portrayed by him gleams like a bald head. He is supremely the type that uses the phrase "old boy" or "old girl." Never was a humorous chance better taken.

Isabel Jeans makes the rôle of Julia shine with French polish and technical efficiency. While Joan Barry is lovely to look at, her prattling in a single key often reaches monotony. It is her three colleagues that carry her into comic effect; but this pocket Venus has enough grace and theatrical resilience to make her a feather-weight easily carried.



A WOMAN SCORNEO MEANS A MAN IN PAIN:
ISABEL JEANS, RONALD SQUIRE



LADY BEARSTED AND MR. SMITH-BINGHAM



CAPTAIN FOSTER, MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM (HOSTESS), MRS. FOSTER, MRS. TONY BELLVILLE AND MR. WETHERBY



MR. EDDIE TATHAM AND LADY PLUNKET

THE HON. MRS. GAR EMMET, MRS. WETHERBY,
MR. AND MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM AND (BEHIND)
MR. R. DIBBONSMISS ANN GARLAND AND THE
HON. CHRIS FURNESSCOL. PEPYS AND MRS.
SMITH-BINGHAM (Sen.)

This ball, in aid of the Old War-horses (Egypt) Fund, which was organised principally by Mrs. George Bryant of Ashorne and held at Wykham Park, Warwickshire, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Bingham, was a pronounced financial and social success. Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, wife of the famous Colonel Geoffrey Brooke commanding the Cavalry Brigade in Cairo, organised this movement, and has done magnificent service in behalf of a cause which must appeal to all who appreciate the situation and realise the conditions under which these poor old horses left behind when all the derry was down are compelled to exist. The fund is in need, so it is understood, of something like £1500 a month



A Witch
with her
broom

and

PLAYER'S

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N.C.C. 42



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SHOOTING A FEW STARS



JOAN CRAWFORD—AND A FEW EYELASHES



THE "IT" GIRL: CLARA BOW AND GILBERT ROLAND IN
"CALL HER SAVAGE"

Joan Crawford, who is seen in one of these enchanting pictures, is a Texan, and her real name is very far removed from anything so Scottish as Crawford, because it is Le Suedo. Film big girls have to adopt the kind of eyelashes she is wearing, for business purposes, but they must be a bit itchy in private life, in a manner of speaking. Clara Bow is admitted to have cornered all the "It" in the U.S.A., and they say that her latest picture, "Call Her Savage," just suits a red- or Titian-haired heroine. Quien sabe? says you? Karen Morley and Robert Young are obvious copy-cats



KAREN MORLEY AND ROBERT YOUNG IN CLOTHES OUT
OF THE SAME LITTER



MISS CHRISTA AND MISS SHEILA
PARAVICINI WITH LORD EBURY



GORDON'S DRY GRIN! THE BELVOIR
MASTER AND MISS P. ADLERCRON



SIR GUY DOMVILLE DANCED
WITH MISS DIANA FISHWICK



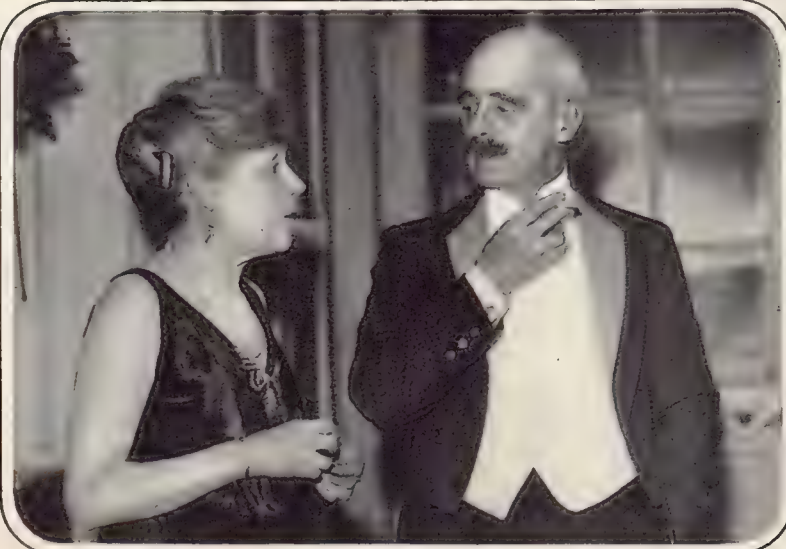
(LEFT) COLONEL JACKSON AND MRS. GORDON COLMAN. (RIGHT) THE
HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL AND MR. ATKINSON CLARKE



THE BELVOIR'S BOTTLE PARTY

Drawing corks instead of
coverts at Culversthorpe

Dancing and a fortune-teller were salient features of the Belvoir Hunt's superb Bottle Party (in aid of the Covert Fund) for which General and Mrs. Adlercron recently lent their lovely old house, Culversthorpe Hall. Everyone was in terrific form, the Master, Colonel Gordon Colman, going particularly well. A welcome "stranger" was Miss Diana Fishwick, who wore a lace frock and an attractive smile. Other decorative persons included the daughter of the house, Miss Patsy Adlercron, and those clever musicians, Miss Christa and Miss Sheila Paravicini



HOST AND HOSTESS: GENERAL AND MRS. ADLERCRON



CAPTAIN BALDWIN, MISS LUBBOCK AND MR. J. D. PLAYER

CASANOVA'S FAIRY-FOOTED DANCER



Photos: Lenare

FRÄULEIN MARIANNE WINKELSTERN IN SOME HIGH-SPEED SNAPSHOTS

The camera which took these pictures of this charming young dancer, who has made a big name for herself in "Casanova" at the Coliseum, was working at a speed of one-five-hundredth part of a second, fairly high-speed movie pace, and the results are most astonishingly good, as will be admitted. Fräulein Winkelstern recently had to fly to Germany and back in a day to answer a charge of manslaughter, of which she was honourably acquitted. "Casanova," whose success was assured from the outset, has now passed his 300th performance, and still shows no signs of having outstayed his welcome



SARI MARITZA

The beautiful young actress whose first American-made film, "Forgotten Commandments," was recently shown in London. Her next film for Paramount Pictures will be "Evenings For Sale," in which Herbert Marshall is her opposite number. Sari Maritza was born in China, of British and Viennese parents, and speaks four languages, including Chinese. Her previous films in England have been "Greek Street," "Bed and Breakfast" and "Water Gypsies."

THE curate was visiting a parishioner, and had been entertained for a few minutes by the son of the house. "Your little boy seems very well-behaved," Mrs. Briggs," the curate remarked to his hostess when she came in.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "E takes after 'is dad. My 'usband always gets 'is full good-conduct remission off every sentence!"

A father was pointing out to his son the factors that go towards making a success in life. "The main thing is force of character," he said. "Take that man Grimson, for instance. He's sure to make his way in the world. He's got a big asset—a will of his own."

His son shrugged his shoulders, and then said, "Young Jones has something better than that, though—a will of his uncle's."

"Briggs," said the owner of the car, "I found this long blonde hair on the back seat of my car. My wife's hair is dark."

"Yes, sir," stammered the chauffeur. "I can give you an explanation, sir."

"Explanation nothing!" was the retort. "What I want is an introduction!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

He had been studying agriculture, and considered himself fit to tell all the farmers round how to run their affairs. "You know," he said to one farmer, "your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date now. Take that tree over there. I'd be very astonished if you got eight pounds of apples from it in one season."

The farmer nodded. "So would I," he said blandly. "It's a pear-tree, anyway."

"Great heavens, Simpkins!" cried the lady of the house, "have you been fighting?"

"No, Madam," replied the butler, feeling his bruises tenderly, "but when the master returned home at three a.m. this morning, he said: 'Simpkins, I'm canned,' and as you had impressed upon me the importance of humouring him on such occasions, I replied, 'Yes, sir; shall I fetch the tin-opener?' And this is the result!"

While a farm girl was milking a cow, a bull tore across the meadow towards her. The girl did not stir, but continued milking. Observers who had run to safety saw to their amazement that the bull stopped dead within a few yards of the girl, turned round and walked away.

"Weren't you afraid?" asked the others.

"Oh, no," replied the girl. "I happened to know that this cow is his mother-in-law."

He had recently given up eating meat, and was extolling to a friend the virtues of vegetarianism.

"Since giving up meat," he said enthusiastically, "I have felt inspired by a new ambition. I feel the constant urge to rise—to climb."

"Ah, yes," replied the bored listener, "to look for nuts, do you mean?"

On a very hot day, two shunters employed at a big railway siding hopped over the fence and made a quick visit to a nearby pub. The foreman missed them after a few minutes, and, being a shrewd fellow, he turned up at the pub, where he found the culprits entrenched behind large tankards.

"Oh," he said, "so this is where you do your shunting, is it?"

"Well, no," replied one of the men, "we ain't shunting just now, we're just shifting the pints."



AT THE "ROME EXPRESS" MIDNIGHT MATINÉE

This new Gaumont-British Film, which is justly acknowledged to be a challenge to the world's best, was shown at a midnight matinée at the New Victoria Cinema, and after that went to its more or less permanent home, the Tivoli, where it is now showing. In this group of some of the big concentration of first-nighters are (left to right): Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes, Mrs. Archie Campbell, Lady Jersey, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, Lord Jersey (on right) and several others

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BERLIN

ROME



Photos.: Arthur Fletcher
LADY PORTMAN AND A FEW BORDERERS—
AND A FEW MORE IN THE OTHER TWO
PICTURES

These three attractive pictures were taken at Staple Fitzpaine Manor, Taunton, Lord Portman's Somersetshire seat, where Lady Portman breeds these Border Terriers. They are some of the gamest and nicest things that run on four legs. Lord Portman, who was at one time Joint Master of the Warwickshire with friend "Buck," is now sole Master of the Taunton Vale

THAT entertaining creature, Morris Harvey, who is making all London laugh in *Fifty-Fifty*, told me one of the best yarns I have heard for a long time past, and it is about a Potentate, with whom and his Ministers the British Ambassador had to have a confab on high or low diplomacy—I don't know which, but, anyway, both are equally well described as Lying in State. Our Ambassador sat next to a Minister of uncleanly appearance, with a long and bushy beaver reaching nearly to his waist—sort of thing in which mice might build their nests. The preliminary discussion over, our Ambassador and the Potentate retired into a private room to settle some further little details. They had not been there for long when the Ambassador felt for his watch, as he had a date to play squash before lunch, and to his dismay found that it had disappeared. Covered with confusion, he said, as soon as he could get a word in edgeways: "Forgive me, Sir, for bringing up a little personal matter, but when I went into the Council Chamber I had a gold watch and platinum chain—and now, I—er—haven't!"

"All ri'! All ri'!" said the Potentate. "'Oo you sit nex'?"

"It was the gentleman with the long beard!" said the Ambassador.

"Ah! Der Finance Min'ster! You wite 'ere one moment. It all ri'! You wite!"

The Potentate bustled out of the room, and in less time than it takes to tell came back, and brought the Ambassador's watch and chain with him.

"Your Highness! Your Highness!" stammered the Ambassador, "I do hope that it has not been necessary to hurt anyone's feelings. I would not for the world—"

"It all ri'! It all ri'," said the Potentate. "'E not know I tak' 'eem!"

A quite nice brat story comes my way and I pass it on, as it may intrigue a fond mother or two.

She had left a very promising five-year-old in the room with a couple of her friends, who had buzzed in to ask her to lunch and contract, and as she was returning dressed to go with them she heard the gentleman say:

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

"My mummy very funny little girl—all she can say is: 'You got to!' or 'You not to!'"

That boy will "run right up to head," as we say of foxhounds, or I'm no kind of a judge.

It was almost any calculable odds that this insane race in naval armaments which is starting again on the very eve of the conference designed to abolish war for good and all, was going to land some of the starters in a bit of a mess. And it has, according to our naval experts! It is about this new French ship, *Dunquerque*. The naval intelligentsia seem to be certain that her name will be eventually the *Dunbrune*, and they say so because she has four big guns mounted in a single turret, one at each end.

What they think is, that if she fires any two of the guns in either of these turrets they will swing the other two endways and possibly even deposit them in the Ditch, which is, I understand, naval slang for the ocean. It seems to me that, if this is so, there is a further interesting possibility. Supposing the ship is attacked fore and aft simultaneously—quite feasible in these days of super-speed—and has to loose off all her eight big rifles at the same moment, is it not quite likely that they would cause her to crack in the middle and go below in two pieces?



The whole situation is imbued with a bit of grim humour.

It might save time if we stopped talking about disarmament, "qualitative" or "quantitative," and recognised the ugly fact that it is a dead certainty that, as soon as war breaks out, it will be the same old all-in wrestling contest, and that everyone will do everything—biting, kicking, scratching, gouging, and that nothing excepting what the Income-Tax gents call a "Gentleman's Agreement" is going to be of any use. Your only peace-maker is "If." The great difficulty in the three-card trick game is to find the lady. In the War Game, as I view it, *vis-à-vis*, a "Gentleman's Agreement," it is to find the gentleman.

I have had a couple of letters from people in widely separated parts of this land upon the subject of what is called "losing your nerve," especially as applied to the intriguing game of riding over fences out hunting, and wanting to know, in one case, how some people manage to fling the years behind them, which the enquirer says he knows total a good few. It is *à propos* (so he says) what he saw going on in Leicestershire early on in the season. No more room this week!

(Continued on page xxxii)

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A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

By

"HARLEQUIN"

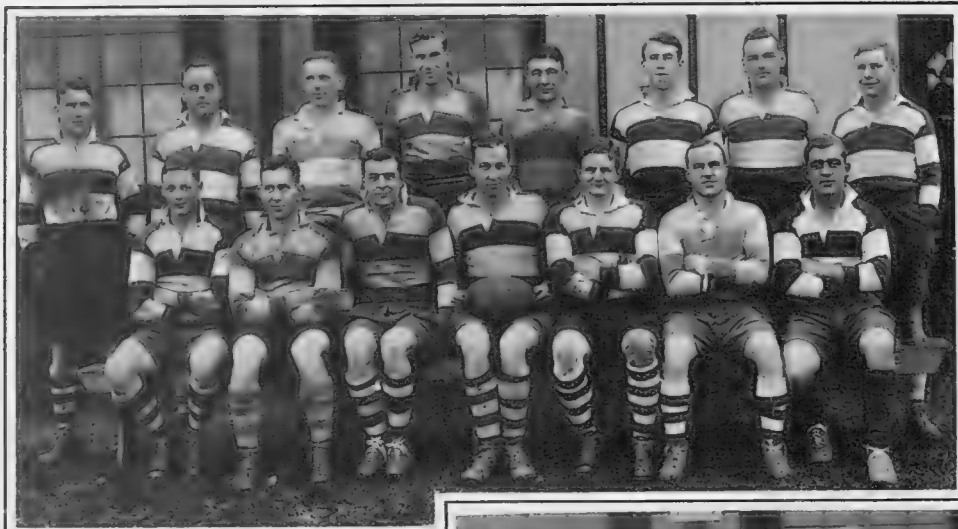
DEAR TATLER,

DON'T be surprised if, early in the New Year, you see an outbreak of new blazers. The Rugby Union has fallen in with the wishes of many old players, and has decided to issue a blazer to be worn by those players who have represented England. It is to be plum-colour, of the same hue as the England tie, with an embossed silver rose on the pocket. Above this are the letters "R.F.U.," and underneath the words, "England

there are very few more useful all-round forwards than the Exeter man.

B. C. Gadney's appearance is perhaps rather doubtful, for he has been much worried by an unsound ankle, which persists in producing water, after the manner of a damaged knee. It is much to be hoped that he can get it right, for there should be a rare tussle between him and E. E. Richards, the Plymouth and Devon half, who was capped three years ago. He is said to be playing better than ever, and he is a real terrier when fairly on the job. And what a nice journey he will have to Sunderland, together with C. Lewis, the Devon and R.A.F. forward. The poverty of London Rugby is made manifest by the fact that S. A. Block, the Harlequin full-back, whose selection was a foregone conclusion, and G. E. Valentine, the Blackheath hooker, are the only two Londoners in the Possibles side. D. A. Kendrew has been doing excellent work, and is said to be a better player than when he appeared for England two years ago. N. A. York, of Northampton, is the rejected of Cambridge, unless D. M. Marr changes his mind at the eleventh hour, but he is quite likely to go a long way.

Before you bring out your next issue, the 'Varsity match of 1932 will be a



THE HARPENDEN RUGGER XV.

The side which beat the London Rifle Brigade six points to love on the Harpenden R.F.C. Ground. The names in the group are (left to right, back row) : B. W. Clarke, G. Wilson, G. H. Hartop, S. C. Reid, K. Lockhart, C. A. S. Soole, H. J. N. Skelton and R. C. Clay. Seated : J. D. G. Skelton, T. P. Robein, J. Vine, B. Vine (Captain), J. F. Stubbs, R. E. Bent and F. C. Beven

Fifteen." Quite a snappy affair, it ought to do a lot of damage on the promenades at Brighton or Blackpool. It won't be ready for the 'Varsity match, but it may appear in time for the visit of Wales on January 21.

Talking of internationals reminds one that the first English trial is to be played next Saturday, at that exclusive and accessible seaside resort known as Sunderland. A lot of people would like to see the first of the trials, entitled North v. South, but that arrangement would not be much use to the selectors. Perhaps it will be possible some day to revive the historic old fixture, without interfering with the present system of trial games.

The title of next Saturday's match was doubtful for some time, but in deciding to make it England v. Possibles the selectors have acted wisely. The team that beat Scotland last March has been chosen again, the two exceptions being caused by the injury to Don Burland and the absence on foreign service of R. G. S. Hobbs. Burland's absence from the England side against Wales would be a tragedy, but it is quite possible that he may not have recovered by then. A dislocated shoulder is a very awkward "crock" indeed. The selection of the Harlequin centre, J. B. D. Chapman, to fill Burland's place is immensely popular, for he has done splendid work for the Quins this season, and time and again has carried the whole side on his shoulders. He is a tremendous worker and a beautiful kick, and I know people who have backed him to get a cap this season. The only other newcomer to the England side is H. Rew, of the Army and Devon, and he has been there before. If somebody has managed to convince Henry that, as an outside forward in the front row, he can no longer obtain possession when the ball comes in on his side, he may keep his place, for



THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE XV.

Photos: R. S. Crisp

The unsuccessful raiders of Harpenden, where they were beaten 6-0 by the team which is seen in the picture above. The names in the group are (left to right, back row) : R. D. Cleare, R. T. West, N. N. Watney, A. T. S. Bain, A. J. Ling, G. W. Smith, M. R. Borton and R. Leive. Seated : W. Pierce, J. Davies, G. Humphrey, G. A. Codfis (Captain), R. Wasey, F. J. Ash and C. A. D. Heath

thing of the past, and all the interest will have gone out of Oxford and Cambridge Rugby for the season. This sounds absurd, but it is an unhappy fact; no one cares two hoots what the 'Varsities do after Christmas.

As to the chances of the respective sides next Tuesday opinions differ widely, and an astute betting man would have no difficulty in standing on velvet. It is generally assumed that both teams are above the average, but personally I don't feel quite sure about that. I do believe, however, that the Oxford three-quarter line should be very dangerous, and it will be if the ball reaches the centres quickly enough. If it doesn't, the fault will probably be the captain's, whose notions of passing are quite elementary. If he can speed his passes up and keep them off the floor, Oxford should win. Cambridge seem rather a ragged lot outside the scrummage, and if they are to win it looks as if the forwards will have to do the trick. Doubtless Marr and his men will put up a rousing effort, and both packs will be fully aware that they have been playing football. Well, it will be a fine match anyway, and I rather think the Dark Blues will pull it off.

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Great Decisions.

I DO not pretend for a moment that the interpretation of the law is my strong suit; yet I must confess that I had always regarded the passenger in a motor car as being fairly well guarded against the reach of its clutches. Yet, it seems, if he does not behave himself he can get into quite serious trouble. The other day a chap (I do not know whether to sympathise with him or no) was fined quite a lot of money for committing quite a number of offences. One, "tampering with the brake" (which is a new one on me); two, driving without a licence; three, driving without an insurance certificate (which, surely, cannot have been his fault!); four, driving a car backwards. This last charge was a pretty thin one, and was not pressed. Into the rights and wrongs of a case which shows how extraordinarily diligent the police can be, still, in constructing "offences" I do not propose to go. But just, for one moment, let us have a fresh deal of the cards. A driver leaves a car on a gradient and gets out to buy a packet of cigarettes. The passenger, chances, all of a sudden, to notice that it is going backwards, and if allowed to continue upon its course will infallibly push a small crowd of people over a precipitous cliff. With great presence of mind the passenger applies the hand-brake. But like many hand-brakes it is a poor thing, and the car goes backwards with gathering speed. The passenger has never before had the rim of a steering-wheel in his fingers, but he grasps it, swings the car round, and saves the situation. For this job of work it is evident that he can be fined anything up to three-pun-ten in the local police court. The Euclidian remark seems to apply here very appositely. In one aspect of the matter people get hurt, in another several lives are saved; yet the actions of the defendant are exactly the same in both instances. Wonderful, wonderful indeed are the workings of the law. Now another facet thereof. Glad I was to see that a learned judge held that the £15,000 deposit paid by an insurance company to enable it to handle third-party motor business was for the benefit of the clients, customers, patrons, and whatever they like to call themselves. From many angles this motor insurance business may be regarded as unsatisfactory, but most definitely so in this respect, that there are unstable companies which get an income by offering exceptionally favourable terms. No one who took the trouble to look up their history in a book of reference would ever deal with them, but very few people do this and so they get a good premium income by means of cut prices. But the motorist who goes in for this kind of thing makes a poor bargain; for such people have to fight the most minute claim—and fight they do. He would always do far better to do his business with a big house of repute. Meanwhile it is palpable that the deposit that the Government demands, namely £15,000, is utterly inadequate. It ought to be a six-figure sum at the very least, for the former would not more than cover a "run" of three or four heavy claims. To a really big insurance company it is hardly more

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

than petty cash. And now a third decision has to be noted. All the concerns that make our fine British motor cars are unanimous that the new models shall not be announced until August 14 of every year. Observe how cleverly the merchant princes defend their grouse-shooting! No doubt this resolution will be as good for them as it is for us, for after all it is rather absurd that second-hand 1933 models should be on sale in October, 1932. But what about the next logical step—which, obviously, is the holding of the Motor Show upon August 14? For that kind of consummation we shall, I expect, have to wait rather a long time.

* * *

A Fine Car.

The other day I had the pleasure of trying one of the new 16-60-h.p. Humbers. Upon the production of this excellent model the firm deserves the heartiest congratulations, for it is a very notable achievement indeed. It must not be supposed to be the previous 16-50-h.p. in a merely improved form, since it has an entirely new engine, a specially reinforced frame, and many other innovations, including self-adjusting shock-absorbers. As to the power plant, this now has side by side valves, and is

extra ordinarily quiet in its working even when pushed up to the limit of its revolutions—which, I must tell you, implies no mean speed; indeed I would most definitely call this Humber a really fast car. I believe that in the engine design full advantage is taken of a highly advanced sort of cylinder head, together with a specialized scheme of induction, with down-draught carburettor, which has been named "cyclonic power." However it be obtained the liveliness is very obviously there; for although the saloon is a really full-sized car with any amount



FIRE-CRACKERS AT THE OXFORD UNION DEBATE

Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P. for St. George's, did not mince his words when he spoke at the Oxford Union Presidential Debate, when he referred to the support some undergraduates had given to the recent so-called hunger-marchers. When some of his audience hissed his attack on this attitude and upon the motion that Socialism was the panacea for all our ills, Mr. Duff Cooper said that when you trod on a snake you could always hear its hiss. This hard hitting got home with good effect. In the group in the above picture, left to right, are: Mr. A. W. J. Greenwood, ex-librarian, Balliol; Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P.; Mr. J. C. Smuts, president, University College; Mr. George Lansbury, M.P.; Mr. F. M. Hardie, librarian, Christ Church; and Mr. Giles Playfair, son of Sir Nigel Playfair, treasurer

of room for five full-sized people, the engine, which after all has a capacity of only 2½ litres, toys with it as though it were a feather-weight. On top gear the acceleration is surprisingly good. I should put the maximum speed at about sixty-five under ordinary conditions, the gear ratio being such that a change down to the genuinely quiet "third" is very seldom demanded. The whole power unit is mounted upon rubber on the "cushioned power" principle. The engine itself, being most beautifully balanced, has no perceptible vibration to transmit in any event, but there is no doubt about the value of this system, since it damps out all the minor shocks that come from the road. This makes the car most exceptionally sweet running. Another contribution to the same object is found in the shock-absorbers, which work on the automatic thermostatic principle, and adjust themselves to changes in load, road, and speed. Certainly there is no fault to find with the suspension; there are very few cars as well sprung as this, and none better. Round corners, no matter how pot-hole, it sticks to the road like a leech, or, to change the simile, it just swallows the bumps without bothering to chew them. Humbers have always been famous for the excellence of their bodywork. In this standard saloon they have excelled themselves.

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

DECEMBER, 1932

1st to 15th inclusive

1st Racing. - Kempton Park Steeplechases	9th Racing. Lingfield Park Steeplechases.
Shows. Birmingham Fat Stock Show closes.	Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.
2nd Racing. Newbury and Haydock Park Steeplechases.	10th Grouse and Black Game shooting ends.
Boxing. Civil Service B.C., Stadium Club. Stock Exchange B.C., Boreas Passage, London.	Racing. Lingfield Park and Carlisle Steeplechases.
3rd Racing. Newbury and Haydock Park Steeplechases.	Squash Rackets. Royal Navy and Royal Marines Championship.
Rugby. Glasgow v. Edinburgh, Glasgow. Welsh Trial Match, Cardiff. Upper Clapton v. Old Haberdashers, Bush Hill Park.	Motoring. N. West London M.C. London-Gloucester Trial.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. United Services, Wimbledon. Blackheath v. Westminster Bank. Teddington v. Mid. Surrey, Bushey Park.	Shows. Fat Stock Show, Reading.
Diving. International Contest with Germany, Highgate.	Hockey. Wimbledon v. Dulwich. Blackheath v. Birley.
Assoc. Football. 1st Round Welsh Senior Cup.	Rugby. Upper Clapton v. Olyney, Bush Hill Park.
5th Racing. Leicester Steeplechases.	London Hospital v. Woodford, Oxford University v. North of Ireland.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Newton Abbot Fat Stock. Horse Show and Bloodstock sales, Newmarket.	Assoc. Football. 2nd Round F.A. Cup. 1st Round F.A. Amateur Cup. 3rd Round Welsh Amateur Cup.
6th Racing. Leicester Steeplechases.	12th Racing. Nottingham and Plumpton Steeplechases.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Horse Show and Bloodstock sales, Newmarket. Tavistock Fat Stock.	Cricket. Test Match, England v. Australia, Sydney.
Rugby. Oxford v. Cambridge, Twickenham.	13th Racing. Nottingham Steeplechases.
7th Racing. Gatwick & Worcester.	Shows. Yorkshire Fat Stock, York.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.	14th Racing. Windsor Steeplechases.
Assoc. Football. England v. Austria, Stamford Bridge.	Shows. Fat Stock Show, St. Albans.
8th Racing. Gatwick and Worcester.	Boxing. Belsize Boxing Club, Royal Albert Hall.
Shows. Smithfield Club Cattle	15th Racing. Windsor Steeplechases.
	Billiards. Non-stop Tourney, Thurston's, London.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE DIAMOND

By RONALD WRIGHT

TIMPSON'S methods were very thorough. Under his capable direction the domestic affairs of the Durston household ran smoothly and untroubled. Without Timpson, Sir Percy Durston would have been completely lost. Timpson was, he felt, the ideal butler.

But that was before he lost the diamond.

The diamond was a priceless family heirloom, and Sir Percy decided that it should be set in a correspondingly valuable ring and presented to his wife on the anniversary of their wedding. On the evening that he was sitting in his study examining the stone and arriving at this decision, he accidentally dropped the diamond.

It fell in a thick, expensive rug, and after making a hasty and unsuccessful search, he did the only thing that, in his opinion, was possible. He sent for Timpson.

"My diamond," he said. "Dropped in the rug. Have it thoroughly searched. The vacuum cleaner, you know, Timpson. Be careful."

"Very good, sir," said Timpson.

He made sure that the job should be done thoroughly. He did it himself.

"Sir," he reported afterwards to Sir Percy, "I am very sorry. You must have made a mistake. The diamond is not in the rug."

"No?" said Sir Percy. "That's dashed queer, Timpson. I could have sworn it was in the rug. However, it must be in the room somewhere. Search thoroughly, Timpson. Everywhere. Be careful."

Timpson searched. Sir Percy watched him. Timpson's methods were very thorough, and when the diamond was not forthcoming Sir Percy grew worried.

"Queer, Timpson," he muttered. "Dashed queer. It must be in the room somewhere."

"It doesn't appear to be, sir."

"My dear Timpson," snorted Sir Percy peevishly, "the dashed thing couldn't walk."

"No, sir," admitted Timpson. "It's most remarkable, sir."

"We'll lock the room until morning," decided Sir Percy, "then we'll have it searched again."

In the morning the room was again searched. The vacuum cleaner nosed into every nook and cranny. It brought to light much dust, but no diamond. Sir Percy became agitated.

"Surely," he said, "it cannot have been stolen."

"Perhaps, sir," hinted Timpson, ever resourceful, "if you offered a little reward for the recovery of the stone it might encourage the servants somewhat."

Sir Percy brightened.

"Excellent idea, Timpson. Ah—how much would you suggest?"

"Something appropriate to the diamond's value, sir. Say—one tenth?"

"But the diamond is valued at something around ten thousand pounds, though it is worth more than that to me. Don't you think a thousand pounds reward is a trifle large?"

"It would remove the possibility of theft, sir," pointed out Timpson gently.

"Ah—yes," agreed Sir Percy. "Yes, of course. You are right, Timpson. But I think seven hundred pounds should be sufficient. Please see to it."

Timpson saw to it, and a little later appeared an announcement to the effect that for the recovery, or information leading to the recovery, of Sir Percy's diamond, a reward of seven hundred pounds would be given.

Even this tempting offer failed to bring forth the necessary information. Sir Percy was baffled. With Timpson at his side, however, he bore his trouble bravely. But fate very soon dealt him another treacherous blow; Timpson asked for a week's leave.

"My wife, sir," he explained humbly. "She is very ill. It is necessary for me to go to her at once. If you would be so good as to allow me, sir."

"Certainly, Timpson," said Sir Percy. "I am very sorry for your wife. You must go to her. I hope she will soon be well. We must manage the best way we can until you are back. You may go at once."

"Thank you, sir," said Timpson.

And he went.

Left to his own resources, Sir Percy's efforts to find the diamond became half-hearted and finally ceased. He was on the point of placing the whole matter in the hands of the police, when he received a visitor.

It was a woman. A slight woman, rather pretty, with calm eyes and firm lips. A very capable young woman, Sir Percy thought.

"I understand," said the young woman, "that you are offering £700 reward for the recovery of a diamond?"

"Exactly," said Sir Percy hopefully. "Have you the information?"

"I have the information."

"Then —"

"But before I give it to you I want you to promise me that no harm shall come to the person who stole—who was responsible for its disappearance."

"You know who stole it?"

"I do," said the young woman. "But will you promise not to take proceedings against him if I help you to recover the stone?"

Sir Percy hesitated. He would have preferred to consult the reliable Timpson before replying.

"I promise," he conceded at last. "When I get the diamond back you will get your reward, and there the matter will end. Now—who is this thief?"

"His name is Timpson."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Sir Percy.

"Timpson," repeated the young woman. "And I am Mrs. Timpson. I believe my husband told you that I was ill, which was a lie. He wanted leave in order to make his escape. But you must not be too hard on him, because he stole the diamond to give to me. However, I have spoken with him and persuaded him to give it back. He is waiting outside to confess to you."

"Tell him," said Sir Percy, "to come in."

She did so. Timpson, with downcast eyes and bent shoulders, appeared before his master.

"Timpson," said Sir Percy sorrowfully, "I am deeply shocked. I did not think you would sink to this."

"I am very sorry, sir. I feel my shame terribly."

"I appreciate your motive, of course," said Sir Percy. "You did it for your wife. I shall not report the matter to the police. But you realize that you can no longer remain in my employ?"

"Yes, sir." Timpson took from his pocket a little leather bag and handed it to Sir Percy. "I found the stone in the rug, sir, and I—I succumbed to the temptation."

Sir Percy opened the bag and rolled the stone into his palm.

"My diamond," he murmured. "At least I have to thank you, or rather your wife, for returning it to me. I will give you your cheque, Mrs. Timpson."

Accompanied by his wife and the cheque for £700, Timpson left the house and the service of Sir Percy for ever.

Sir Percy, rejoicing in the unexpected return of the stone, quickly recovered from the shock of losing Timpson, and eventually again decided to have the diamond set in a ring.

He went to a jeweller.

"An expensive setting," he said. "A setting worthy of this priceless stone. You understand?"

The jeweller examined the stone carefully.

"Of course," he smiled, "you are aware that this is not a real diamond? It is a paste imitation."

"Paste imitation?" echoed Sir Percy wildly. "Absurd! Impossible! You are wrong."

But the jeweller was right.

Timpson's methods were very thorough.

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THIS is the time of year for reading books on golf. Of Mr. Bernard Darwin's "Out of the Rough," what more can one say but "Darwin at his best"? Then, having at last put down his delightful book, the reviewer turns to another, "A New Way to Better Golf," by Alex J. Morrison, about whom we have to believe the amazing fact that he can charge £50 for a dozen lessons in his own country of America. It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than the two books, even allowing for the fact that in one are the pleasant ramblings of an amateur, the other the didactic teachings

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

of gems of advice which you feel quite certain will help. That would not satisfy Morrison, who is deadly opposed to the giving of tips, the curing of minor ills by temporary palliatives, and he would have everybody go to the root of the matter, which is that "Golf is not a matter of hitting the ball but of swinging the club. Hitting the ball is merely incidental to making the swing."

He bases his arguments for the whole reconstruction of the golfing swing on muscular anatomical reasons, building up the mechanics of the swing, and reduced to the shortest possible terms it is "that the ball is hit with the application of centrifugal force actuated from near the centre of the body." So much for the real student; now for the gems of thought that even the casual learner may take in and from them find benefit.



Pointing her chin "back of the ball": Miss Jessie Andrews, a young Scottish hope, instinctively practises what Alex J. Morrison preaches in his book, "A New Way to Better Golf," which is discussed on this page

of a man who has made a name and a fortune as a teacher. Morrison starts right away by laying down the law. "This is not 'just another golf book.' The material that I present here is entirely original and describes completely for the first time the only method of playing golf that is based on the inescapable mechanical and anatomical factors that govern the execution of a successful shot."

"I have made the only complete analysis of the golf swing; consequently, I am able to state positively—and to prove—exactly what takes place in the process of projecting a ball in a desired flight." Could anything be more sure, more provocative? One starts to read the book in an attitude of intense argumentativeness. Yet very soon one is carried away. He wants to sweep out of the golfer's mind all the old stock phrases and current catchwords so that for the moment one is tempted to feel a sense of despair that life is not long enough, and that for the golfer who has her best golf behind her the book has little to offer. Then you are gripped by the sincerity and enthusiasm of the man behind the pen, and even before there is time to go to the course and test his theories—only he does not like to be called a theorist, and he begs you to test his maxims before you play a round—you find in the book all sorts



Also in the Morrison manner: Miss E. Martin-Smith takes the right turning for the benefit of the camera

Here is one that gives you a jolt right away, but think it over again and you will see that he is right.

"If the word 'concentration' had been erased early from the golfer's dictionary and 'relaxation' substituted for it, fewer players would be 'struggling to beat 100, and club handicaps would be much lower than they are."

"To begin with, golf is not a game of strength but of accuracy, and accuracy comes only from muscular relaxation,

muscular freedom. Tension is fatal to good golf, and lies at the root of every error."

Now we all know that he does not mean concentration of the mind to be a mistake, but we can well follow his argument that relaxed muscles allowed to do their natural work produce better golf than the tautened ones of acute anxiety. How much the golfer does tighten up his or her muscles in the course of an important match only those who have been physically stiff after a championship can realize. They have played no more rounds, walked no farther than in the ordinary day's golf, but then in the sheer tenseness of it tightening their muscles has left them actually stiff.

"And there is the hub of the whole matter—self-control. Not the spurious self-control of the set jaw, furrowed brow, and fingernails biting into palms to conceal a quaking heart and sinking entrails, but the true self-control of inner peace arising from confidence in your ability to do what is really rather an easy job, well." And that self-control is to produce the perfect swing, which he defines as "one full, smooth, flowing motion without mental or physical interruption."

"Unless every item in this definition is satisfied the correct swing cannot be made. It cannot be made when the player grabs the club and presses his thumbs against the shaft so that the muscles of his hands and forearms are tightly locked. It cannot be made when he grips the ground with his feet, thereby tightening the muscles of his legs, or worse still, when he tries to keep his body in a fixed position and so contrives to tighten up the muscles of his back. It cannot be made when he is doubtful about the outcome of his shot or when the thought of hitting the ball hard enough is uppermost in his mind. Such mental disturbances produce tension, and tension is fatal to the freedom of motion without which the necessary whirling motion cannot be produced."

And then what could be more definite than his emphatic direction that the "pointing of the chin is an essential of the swing" or, as his concluding words have it, "Keep your chin back." Now, many teachers have given us advice that should metaphorically put our chins forward after the manner of the great J. H. Taylor when he refused to admit defeat, but it appears now that we ought

rather to have copied the physical movement of that great man and inclined our chins towards our right shoulders. In Morrison's own words, "the chin must be pointed

back of the ball and kept entirely independent of the rest of the action until after the ball has been hit." In the heyday of her fame Mrs. Cramsie (Miss Florence Hezlet) had a most characteristic point of the chin. Tom Fernie to-day lays great insistence on it and you may see all his pupils doing their best to carry it out. Morrison ends his book with it in large type, "KEEP YOUR CHIN BACK." Since the book is a best-seller it is to be wondered whether, when we reassemble for the first Spring meeting, everybody's chin will have a permanent list to starboard.

LOOKING AHEAD

The Midland Ladies' Golf Championship will be staged next year at Hunstanton, June 12-16



Women know far too well that personal charm and beauty do not drop from the skies. No touch of a magic wand changes us from what we are into what we dream of being. But commonsense effort, persisted in, will achieve results that seem almost magic. That is where my little book on beauty differs from all other such books. It comes to you with a system; it tells you this system in a straightforward way so that you know not only *what* you have to do but, equally important, *why* you are doing it.

After all, everyone simply abhors elaborate fuss and mystery these days and all the most shattering effects in sheer sophistication are the simplest in the world the moment you stop to analyse them. Analyse Cyclax treatment, and you can find nothing simpler. Study the effects it accomplishes and you could find nothing more sophisticated.

The most confirmed feminine hedonist could hardly ask for more subtle pleasure than she will receive in the following out of the Cyclax regime. Right from the start her instinct will tell her that this is the correct way, the wholesome way, of looking after the skin and remedying by subtle art the tiny blemishes of nature. And isn't it gratifying to get results—results you can both *feel* and *see*—from the moment you start the treatment?

When the business of the day and evening is over, fly to that bottle of Cyclax Special Lotion which is going to be such a good friend to your skin and your personal beauty. You brush it on soothingly feeling the control it takes over your skin. For the first time possibly, your skin is going to be really clean—not just politely clean on the outside but healthily clean right down to the very depths of every single pore. Farewell to those acids and impurities which have been lying snug and secure below the surface of the skin. The Special Lotion draws and draws, irresistibly, irrevocably.

service advtg.

When you apply the first coat of the Special Lotion, your appearance will probably dismay you. You look as though you had seen a ghost—you look rather like a ghost yourself! But when that coat is dried and you paint on the second coat very evenly, working it gently with your fingers as soon as it is nearly dry; round the nostrils, over and under the eyelids and lashes, and round up to the hair—keeping lashes and lids and lips clean with the tip of a moistened finger—ah, then you begin to see yourself as you would always like to be. Although your face lacks colouring, it is really rather lovely and you can deliciously feel the damask surface of your skin.

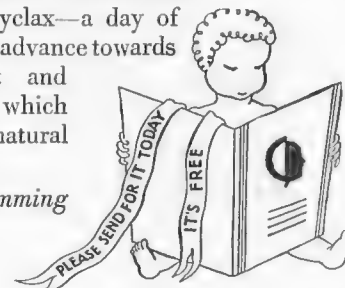
Naturally you will massage in some Skin Food when you get up and you will do well to leave that on whilst you have your bath, for the steamy atmosphere will be assisting matters. But it won't do only to wipe away that Skin Food. Cyclax insists upon soap-and-water cleanliness. Without that, all the previous work is wasted. You must remove the harvest of the night with hot water and soap. Distilled water is best or else rain water, and your naked skin will positively revel in the purity of Cyclax Soap.

And now your skin is clean, both inside and outside. Instead of clogging it up again with greasy preparations or loading it with a heavy powder base, lightly cover your face with my non-greasy Liquid Powder Base. It is a good plan to pat your face dry with an old soft linen towel. The powder base leaves a delicate, almost imperceptible film which will 'hold' powder splendidly and yet prevent that over-powdered look which ruins a make-up. Besides that, you'll need much less re-powdering during the day.

You will find it hard to describe the sheer joyous dewy youth of the finished result. One moment you decide that it is as though you hadn't made up at all, and had simply stolen the glorious youth of a perfect girl, rather like some feminine Faust. The next moment, you will ask yourself whether, after all, you haven't achieved the subtlest and most sophisticated make-up of your life.

But how unfair it is to my book "The Art of being Lovely" to attempt to describe any one part of it here. Not a mention yet of the Cleansing Lotion or the Complexion Milk—two day-to-day aids with which you will become much more familiar than with the Special Lotion, which is after all only intended to be used once a week. That is why I particularly want you to write off for a free copy of my little book. Each day that passes can either be a day of further deterioration and difficulties or—with Cyclax—a day of triumphant advance towards that sweet and lovely skin which is your natural right.

Frances Hemming



Special Lotion, five and sixpence, ten and sixpence, twenty shillings and thirty-eight shillings.

Skin Foods (four for different skins) four shillings and seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings and twenty-eight shillings.

Soap (a skin treatment in itself) tablets, three and sixpence; box of three, nine and sixpence.

Braceine (a teaspoonful in your rinsing water), four shillings, seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings.

Powder Base (liquid) "Blended Lotion" for greasy skins, "Sunburn Lotion" for dry skins, four and sixpence, eight and sixpence, sixteen shillings, and thirty shillings.

Complexion Milk—the gentlest of astringents, four shillings, seven and sixpence, fifteen shillings and twenty-eight shillings.

Powder—in seven shades, or Miss Hemming will blend it specially for you—three and sixpence, six and sixpence, and eight and sixpence.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from any really good store, chemists or hairdressers.

cyclax

CYCLAX LTD 58 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1

MARIAN JACKS
presents "LE GANT" made of
"YOUTHLASTIC"
(all LASTEX yarn)



The best news since women commenced to wear corsets!

Every model made of this wonder fabric will do just the things you want it to do.

"Youthlastic" fits like a second skin—washes like lingerie—saves your stockings—does not ride up. It is very thin, very light and very long wearing.

Call and see Marian Jacks. Ask for "Le Gant" made of the original patented, and uncopyable, "Youthlastic" (all LASTEX yarn).

STRETCHES ALL WAYS—BRITISH PATENT No. 211057

MARIAN JACKS LIMITED
CORSETIÈRE

30, Old Bond
Street, W.1
Tel.: Regent 0542-3

151, High St.,
Guildford
Tel.: Guildford 478



ADVISE gifts

by M.E. BROOKE

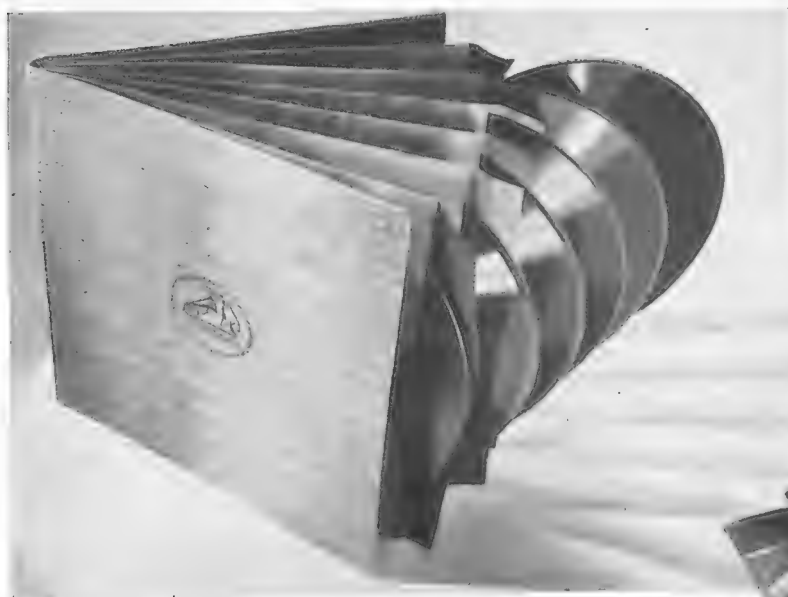
A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS
AND NEW YEAR.

THERE are some who declare that Christmas is not what it used to be. Quite true there is a difference and undoubtedly it is for the better, nevertheless there is no possible probable shadow of doubt that the true spirit of Christmas has not changed and the joy of giving still maintains its fascination. However, the pleasures and needs of the children receive greater attention, the shop windows and the toy bazaars wafting them to fairy land. By aeroplane the North Pole may be visited, the magic carpet takes them right away to the land of the Arabian Nights tales, Ye Olde Elizabethan Market has many streets and thousands of gifts and toys. The Christmas Presents Sections of "The Tatler" during the ensuing weeks have been carefully compiled in order to assist men and women to solve the great gift problem

That all Christmas and New Year festivities should be cheered with Fortnum and Mason's (Piccadilly) crackers. There is Princess Elizabeth house filled with crackers, and so are the galloping major, the sailor policeman, and burglar

This old world modernized spinning wheel lamp from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, and in this department there is a collection of useful and at the same time ornamental Yuletide offerings

For a
Merry
Christmas!



A presentation album of "His Master's Voice" records. They may be obtained in blue shagreen and other metallic finishes with a selection of six records from 17s.



Pictures by Blake



That nothing could be more welcome than this breakfast coatee from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, W.1. It is made of the finest Shetland wool enriched with marabout. Its charm is increased by the georgette under-sleeves



That for a present to oneself, or intimate, nothing would be more useful than a beauty case from the Cyclax Salons, South Molton Street, W.1, as the contents will undoubtedly quell the troubles engendered by Christmas shopping



Piver perfume and powder. The new production is known by the name of "Un Parfum d'Aventure." It ranges in price from 1s. 6d. to 11s. 3d. per bottle. The powder is 2s. and the compact 2s. 6d.



That women be beautiful with Tangee; the rouge and lipstick change colour when applied, blend with the natural colouring no matter whether it be blonde, brunette, or Titian. There are also Tangee creams



"4711" Eau de Cologne and "4711" Tosca, as they are sure to cement friendships and convey better than words the Christmas message of peace and goodwill



Opening a deposit account for a débutante at Mrs. Adair's, 30, Old Bond Street, as the treatments and beauty preparations may be chosen to suit the needs of every particular individual





Diamond and platinum necklace
£25 0 0

Sapphire, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold ring
£12 10 0

Emerald, diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold ring
£18 0 0

Sapphire, diamond, and platinum ring
£24 10 0

Diamond and platinum ring £25 0 0

Carved jade, pearl and 18-ct. white gold flexible bracelet
£14 0 0

Diamond, platinum and 18-ct. white gold expanding bracelet
£24 0 0

BY APPOINTMENT  TO H.M. THE KING



Electric clock in white onyx and malachite, chromium plated surround to dial.
Height 7½ inches . . . £15 0 0

8-day clock in chromium plate and clear crystal, luminous dial
Height 3 inches . . . £4 10 0

8-day clock in white onyx and malachite, chromium plated surround to dial.
Height 4 inches . . . £7 0 0

8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours.
Luminous Dial . . . £4 5 0
With alarm . . . £5 12 6

8-day clock in chromium plate and onyx with Royal Doulton Porcelain figure.
Size 14 x 8 inches . . . £16 0 0

8-day clock in pigskin or morocco, various colours. Luminous Dial.
Very flat. £3 10 0



6 sterling silver-gilt and enamel afternoon tea and coffee spoons in velvet-lined case . . . £1 5 0

'Pyrex' fireproof glass casserole dish, in plain Regent Plate holder
£1 1 0

Sterling silver engine-turned cigarette case, new, smart and practical.
Size 3½ by 2½ inches . . . £0 18 6
" 3½ by 2½ " . . . £1 2 6
" 3½ by 3½ " . . . £1 8 6
" 3½ by 3½ " . . . £1 13 6

Sterling silver cocktail shaker with strainer
Height 8½ inches £2 16 0
In Regent Plate £0 17 6
Special Value.

4 sterling silver and enamel bridge scoring pencils, in velvet-lined case
£1 7 6

Oak canteen, fitted with 40 pieces of Regent Plate spoons and forks, 'Old English' or 'Rattail' patterns, and oval xylonite-handled cutlery with rustless steel blades £5 0 0

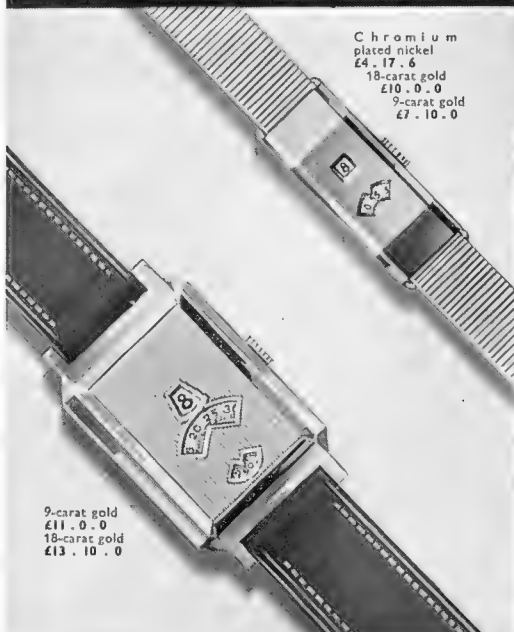
There is always at The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company something a little more attractive in style and a little more exquisite in quality at a surprisingly moderate price. An illustrated brochure will be gladly sent on request

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

(at the Corner of Glasshouse Street) No other Address



Chromium plated nickel
£4 17 6

18-carat gold
£10 0 0

9-carat gold
£7 10 0

9-carat gold
£11 0 0

18-carat gold
£13 10 0



The half-guinea F.R.O.G. aeroplane from Peter Robinson's, Oxford St., W.1. It will fly 300 feet and has a normal speed of 650 feet per minute. A child's golf set is also pictured



A visit to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.1, as there is to be seen that new game, "The Star Derby"; it is sure of a warm welcome

TOY BAG OF GAMES

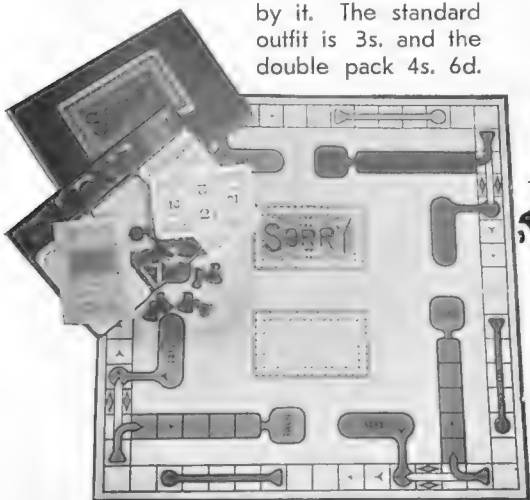


The new game K. N. Hazard, which may be seen at Lillywhite's, Piccadilly. Some believe that it will dim the prosperous career of Corinthian golf; it certainly is exciting as well as amusing



Golf balls, as there is nothing that an enthusiastic player welcomes more, no matter his handicap, and, of course, they must bear the name of Lynx or Silver King

The great game "Sorry," as it sets everyone thinking and there is no limit to the thrills and delight engendered by it. The standard outfit is 3s. and the double pack 4s. 6d.



For the inhabitants of the nursery a soft toy from Jaeger's of Oxford Street, W.1. As will be seen from those pictured there is something particularly amusing about their expressions



Austrian Petit Point Hand-bag, dainty colours on blackground, mounted on gilt or coloured frame **14 gns.**



Austrian Petit Point Hand-bag, floral design on various coloured grounds **4½ gns.**



Dainty Austrian Petit Point Hand-bag, floral design on blue ground, mounted on gilt jewelled frame **8½ gns.**



Fine Quality Austrian Petit Point Hand-bag, beige ground, mounted on gilt marcassite frame. **9½ gns.**

Petit Point HAND-BAGS

WORKED in Silk by the needleworkers of Vienna, these exclusive productions in Petit Point offer a decided contrast to ordinary tent stitchwork in cotton or wool.

THESE beautiful examples of handicraft are copied from old tapestries, only to be seen in famous Galleries; and the truth in colouring and fidelity to the design are truly remarkable. The number of stitches to the square inch is from 1,600 to 2,000, a patience and skilfulness in workmanship which presents the original in perfect miniature.

The majority of the bags in this collection are fitted with a patent slide frame; and semi-precious stones afford an appropriately decorative finish.

Catalogue of Christmas Gifts post free.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W. 1

Debenhams Ltd.



A useful gift from Henry Heath, Oxford Street, W.1. For sports and country wear in general surely there could be nothing more appropriate than this striped scarf and hat to match



One, two, three, or even six pairs of Kayser's pure,

flawless silk stockings. They have the much-to-be-desired dull finish, and are available in all the modish shades; fine as they are they wear exceedingly well, and the Kayser Sansheen are from 6s. 11d. per pair



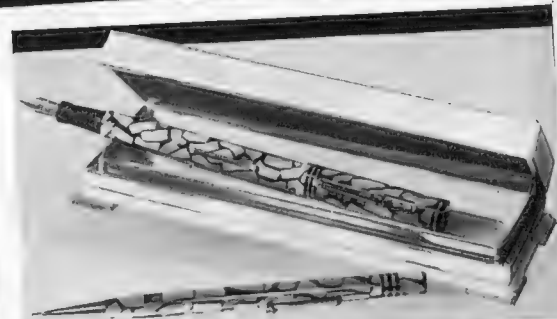
That a visit be immediately paid to Finnigan's, Bond Street, W.1, as there will be seen an infinite variety of Christmas gifts, among them being the ermine plush cap and bag; also the fringed and beaded ones

Gifts for her"

That Christmas greetings be expressed in gloves, and particulars should be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove of Leeds of their newest affairs; a study in brown and beige are those pictured



For the golf enthusiast this suède sports coat from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.1. It is provided with lightning fasteners, which is an immense advantage. Furthermore there is a splendid assortment of weatherproofs



A "Swan" Presentation Set. The one pictured contains a "Swan" Pen and Fyne-Poynt Pencil; they are made in a new material which incorporates a rich combination of blue and mother-o'-pearl

Pictures by Blake



FROM PETER ARNO'S ORIGINAL SKETCH

"And you say you are in a position to show me that Kayser stockings actually do make the ankles slimmer?"

KAYSER

Once you've worn Kayser, all other stockings seem so shapeless.

Kayser cling so beautifully at the ankles—and round the knee. They are

more than 'fully fashioned.' They are tailored to fit. Made of the

finest purest silk, from only 4/11. Kayser Sansheen* (adorably dull)

from 6/11. Woven, dyed and finished throughout in Canada. * Trade Mark applied for

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR: C. J. DAVIS, 3 PRINCE'S STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

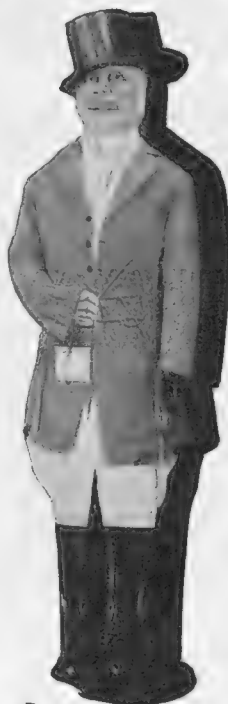
"I Advise... CHEERIO



A case of Holloway's Dry London Gin with cocktail-shaker, as Christmas time is essentially cocktail party time. Holloway's gin is double distilled and of crystal-like clearness



A bottle or two of Otard's Brandy as at all seasons of the year it is a welcome gift. It is distilled from the best wines in the delimited district of Cognac and is excellent



The Galloping Major from Fortnum and Mason; he is filled with crackers, and becomes a poor thing when strings are pulled and crackers released



As whisky by many is considered its best at ten years, several bottles of all Spey Royal Scotch, as it has reached its first decade and is 12s. 6d. a bottle. Of course, it is Gilbey's



Several bottles of James Buchanan's Black and White Scotch Whisky, as it is a special blend of choice old Scotch whisky; it is renowned for age and quality, and most assuredly the true Christmas spirit is embodied in it



An attaché case containing bottles of Gordon's cocktails, as they are sure to give pleasure and be reminders of the donors throughout the festive season. The ingredients are of exalted merit, and they are perfectly mixed by Gordon's well-known experts



By Appointment

Gieves

LIMITED

21 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

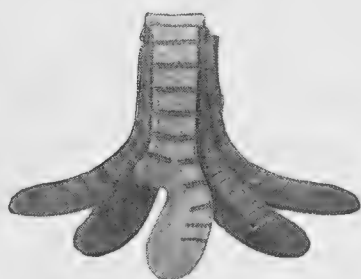


By Appointment

HOSIERS

TAILORS

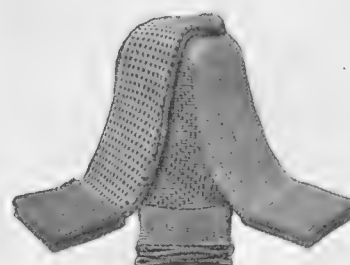
OUTFITTERS



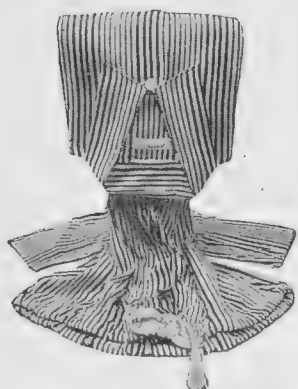
From 5/6 to 8/6



From 30 - to £6.6.0



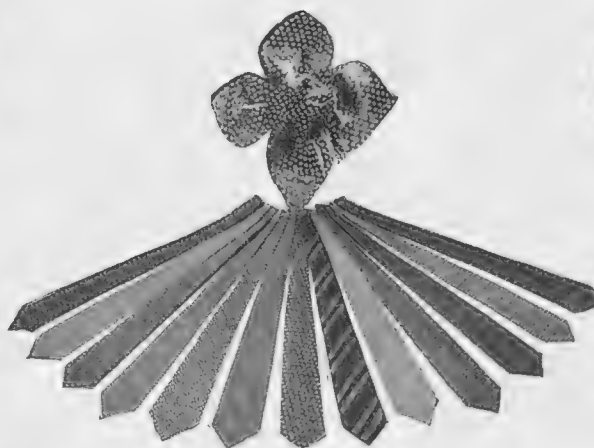
From 12/6 to 21/-



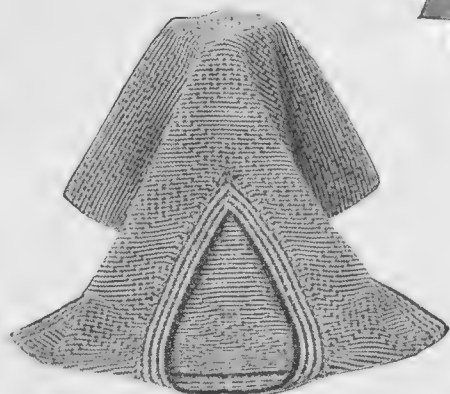
From 14/6 to 63/-



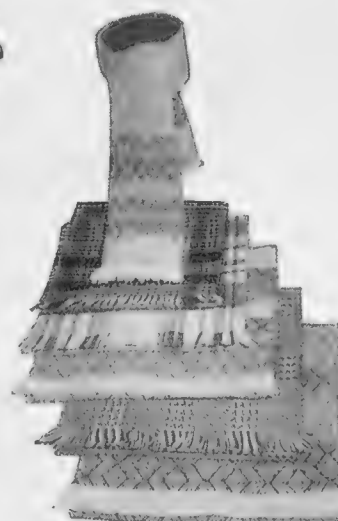
From 10/6 to 25/-



From 5/6 to 9/6



From 10/6 to 50/-



From 10/6 to 21/-

Useful Suggestions
for
XMAS GIFTS
at
GIEVES—LONDON

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PORTSMOUTH WEYMOUTH SOUTHSEA SOUTHAMPTON
EDINBURGH LIVERPOOL CHATHAM PLYMOUTH
GIBRALTAR
MALTA

Telephone: Regent 6411-12-13.

Telegrams: "Muftis, Piccy, London."

I
ADVISE



Something from Richard Sands, Sloane Street, S.W.1. Among the many desirable gifts, some are seen on this page; they include stockings, scarves, gloves, and chifon handkerchiefs



A cap of gold net and a spray of orchids from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W.1, and there are button-holes and trees of crystal all at pleasant prices



Feminine Gifts



That the Christmas greeting be conveyed in furs. The City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, are making a feature of necklets and stoles at more than pleasant prices



Aristoc stockings; they are of pure silk and range from 4s. 11d. to 12s. 6d. They are sold practically everywhere in all the fashionable shades



Something different from Revillon's, Regent Street, W.1. There is a veritable embarras de choix of decorative capes; the one pictured is a study in black and white, being of black Persian lamb and ermine



A visit to Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, as among the desirable gifts are those on the right, the chromium-plated clock, bead case, golfers' companion with cigarette case and pyjama case



Pictures by Blake

BOND STREET

ASPREY

LONDON W. I.

REVERSO

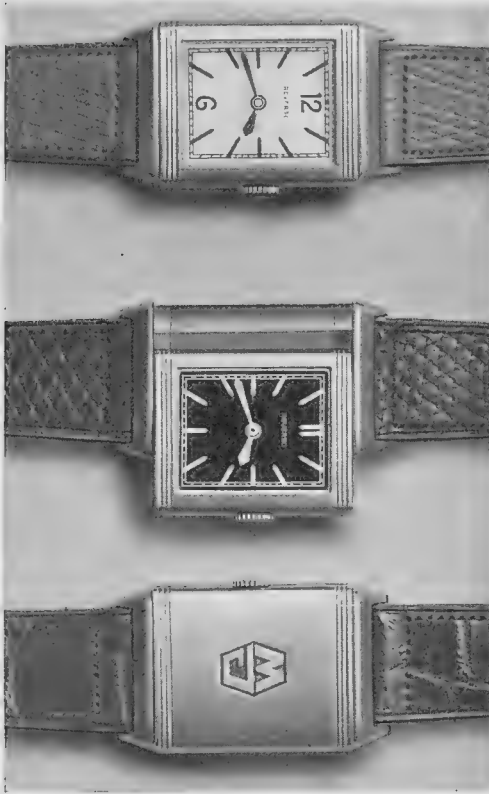
... turns its steel back to danger

The best protected wrist watch in the world, will stand up to the shocks and hard usage of sport and active life.

Finest Sheffield "Staybrite" steel case.

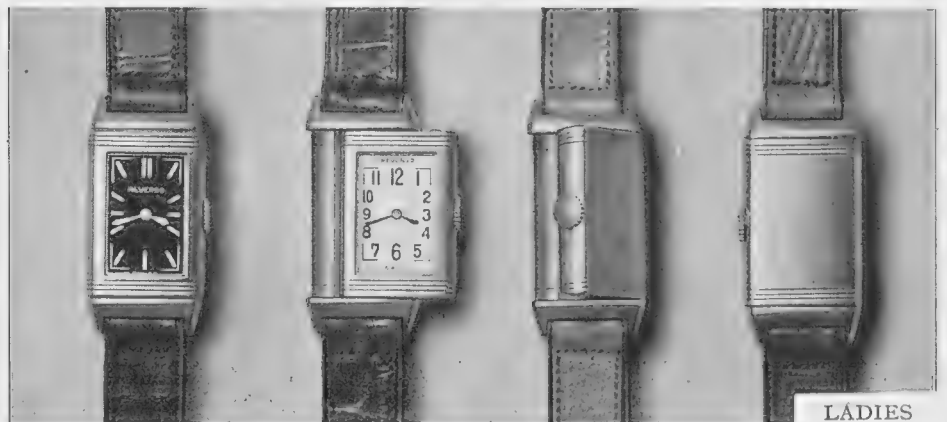
Highest grade workmanship and finish.

- Very comfortable in wear—back curves to the wrist.
- Worn with dial showing, reversed to "Hunter" in a second.
- Fitted synthetic sapphire instead of glass.
- Unconditionally guaranteed for 12 months. Any corrections necessary completed in 48 hours.



REVERSO LUX

	GENTS	LADIES
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Finest Sheffield Stainless Steel	11 17 6	14 5 0
9-ct. Gold Watch with Steel		
Frame	19 0 0	21 10 0
18-ct. Gold Watch with Steel		
Frame	23 0 0	24 0 0
All 18-ct. Gold	39 0 0	35 10 0



LADIES

DUOPLAN

this is the last word in watch construction and service

The movement is built on **two planes**, thus enabling the parts of a large watch, with their greater accuracy, to be fitted into a small case.

- Synthetic sapphire is fitted instead of ordinary glass.
- The "Duoplan" is absolutely unconditionally guaranteed.
- Each watch is insured with Lloyd's against loss, theft or irreparable damage for two years.
- Should any Duoplan movement not give entire satisfaction, a new one will be supplied free while you wait, under guarantee. Spare movements are stocked in factory sealed glass tubes for this purpose. This Duoplan service is world wide.



Movement constructed on two planes



Free spare movement as stocked.

Models illustrated in very stout 18-ct. gold case { from £23 5 0 to £27 15 0



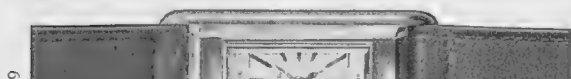
"Staybrite" steel, £17 17 0 9-ct. gold, £21 15 0



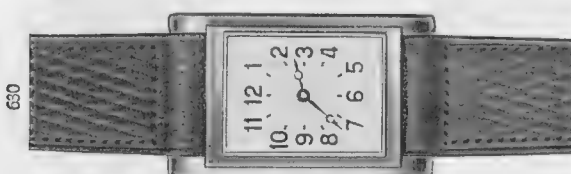
"Staybrite" steel, £17 17 0 9-ct. gold, £22 10 0



"Staybrite" steel, £17 17 0 9-ct. gold, £19 17 6



"Staybrite" steel, £12 17 6 9-ct. gold, £20 0 0



"Staybrite" steel, £13 17 6 9-ct. gold, £21 17 6



For the little people a useful gift from the Treasure Cot, 103, Oxford Street, W.1. Pictured is a decorative basket that is so useful in any nursery, accompanied by smock, coat, bonnet, bib, gloves, and shoes



Something different from Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly. There are the lace-covered sachets and handkerchiefs pictured as well as lovely real lace sets and bridal veils and scarves and children's gifts



Family Gifts

ADVICE



A quiltette as it is a modern substitute for eiderdown and bedspread. It is made of fleecy pile in delicate pastel shades; it is featherweight and preserves just the right degree of warmth



A Motoluxe rug. It has attained its seventh year, and by way of celebrating the event has had its price reduced. It should be accompanied by foot muffs and gloves



That the good old Christmas greeting be conveyed with something that bears the name of "Old Bleach"; why not a pastel two-tone damask tablecloth?



For the woman the nicest of all pretty ribbons for enriching her lingerie. There is the decorated gift box of Cash's washing ribbons; they are available in all the fashionable shades

Pictures by Blake

A most **UNUSUAL**
"usual" gift!

A fountain pen may not seem to you to be a very original gift—but Ford's Patent Pen is entirely new and different! Even those who own a fountain pen already will be glad to have one that will carry on writing for page after page just like a soft pencil! Never any need to shake it to start it writing—never any need to bear hard on the paper to keep it writing! It will write at once and constantly just as long as there is ink in it... and it holds three times as much as ordinary self-filling pens. It need never "run dry" unexpectedly because you can see at a glance how much ink you have left!

3 UNIQUE FEATURES

1 Owing to the unique transparent Ford ink reservoir, you need never run out of ink unexpectedly. Unscrew the sleeve and you see the ink level at a glance.

2 Holds 3 to 4 times as much ink as ordinary self-filling pens. Guaranteed to hold 4 c.c.

3 Screwing on the cap automatically closes a patent valve which hermetically seals the ink so that leakage and evaporations are impossible. Unscrewing the cap opens the valve and causes the ink to flow immediately.

GUARANTEE. Try this pen for 30 days. If not completely satisfied send it back to T. B. Ford Ltd. and your money will be refunded in full without quibble. Ford's Patent Pen is fully guaranteed for ten years.

MADE IN ENGLAND

30/- ALSO IN OTHER SIZES
25/- & 42/-

FORD'S
PATENT
PEN
ALL-BRITISH
MADE BY FORD'S OF GOLD MEDAL BLOTTER FAME

Ford's Patent Pen is obtainable from most stationers, stores and all W. H. Smith & Son's branches, and Boots' Stationery Departments. In case of difficulty write to T. B. Ford Ltd., Pen Service Depot, 72, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



Be your Own Beauty Specialist

How satisfying it is to know that you can do more for your own beauty than anybody else can do for you! Each day thoroughly cleanse, carefully nourish, gently tone your skin, and not depend upon periodic treatments, which at best are of only temporary benefit.

As you sit before your dressing-table, try this simple beauty treatment, using the famous HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations for skin care at home.

First, the famous LUXURIA cream to cleanse and soften. Massage gently with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER to repair tissues and smooth out lines. Then pat on EAU DE BEAUTÉ Astringent Tonic to shrink the pores and brighten the skin. Finish with a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM, the perfect powder base, to clarify and give a flowerlike transparency.

And remember, the foundation of every beauty treatment is LUXURIA. It is famed for its sweet purity, liked for its soothing richness, approved for its results by a whole generation of lovely women.

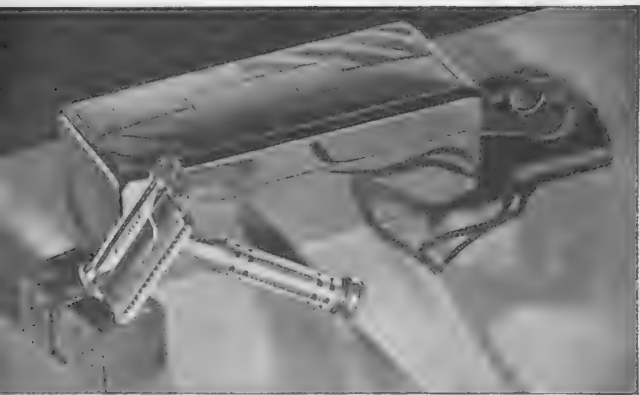
LUXURIA costs 2/3, 4/6, 11/9. EAU DE BEAUTÉ 4/6, 8/6.
BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM 4/6, 7/6, 18/9, 30/6.
SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER 4/6, 7/6, 18/9, 30/6.

Stocked by the leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

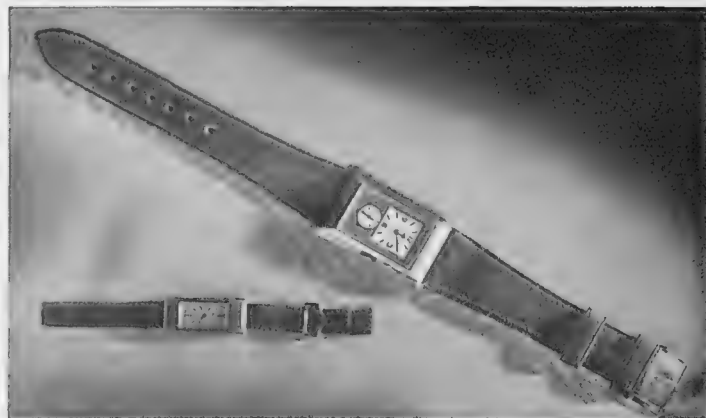
Visit the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, W.1, and obtain expert advice.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS



A Wilkinson razor; the blade is hollow ground and made of the finest steel, which is held in a scientifically balanced holder, and by an ingenious, patented movement is automatically, accurately, and positively stropped without removal from the neat razor frame



For a man a Rolex Prince observatory grade watch in silver or in gold, and for a woman the Princess; it can be had in white or yellow gold; they are sold by all jewellers of prestige

"ADVISE Gifts for him"



Another gift for a man, and that is a cashmere dressing-gown from R. W. Forsyth of Regent Street. The model pictured has foulard facings and is available for 55s.; there are more expensive affairs



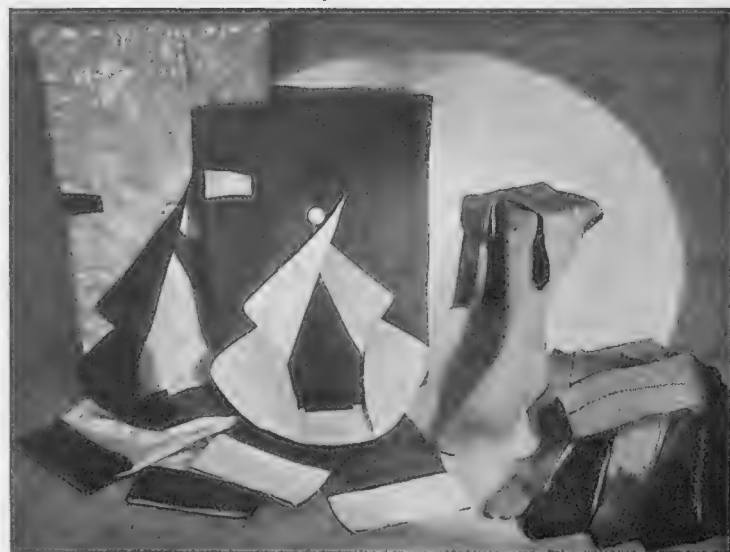
That something be chosen from the practical gifts pictured; they may be seen at the various Austin Reed establishments and include shirts, pyjamas, pull-overs, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and ties



As a substitute for a Christmas card a tube of Wright's shaving cream for a man and tin of Talcum powder for a woman; both will welcome a box of Wright's coal tar soap



That everyone must visit the salons of J. C. Vickery, Regent Street, as there will be found something for everyone, including the trio of clocks portrayed; the strap of the one at the top is adjustable and as a consequence may be placed in a variety of useful positions





PERFUMED
TO
HER MAJESTY THE PRINCESS OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

Genuine Gifts

To offer, not merely Eau de Cologne, but "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, is to endorse friendship with a gift of highest quality—a quality for which there is no adequate substitute. This world-famous toiletry, because of its undeviating purity will convey in most sincere form those expressions of goodwill which are part of the enjoyment of the Festive Season. "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, bearing the well-known Blue and Gold Label, is attractively packed for Christmas giving.

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne
The original half-size bottle
Price 4/9
Full Size bottle - - - Price 8/9

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne
In small 'watch shape' bottle for
the Handbag - - - Price 2/6
Double Size - - - Price 4/9

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne
In wicker covered bottles
Prices 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne
In Jacobean Fancy Decanter
with glass stopper - Price 15/6

"4711"

Tosca Eau de Cologne

All who appreciate a perfumed Eau de Cologne will surely approve of "4711" Tosca Eau de Cologne. Here are the bracing, refreshing qualities of "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne happily combined with the captivating bouquet of "4711" Tosca Perfume.

Prices:— Handbag Shape 2/6 (Trial Size 1/3)
Upright Bottle 5/6, 8/6 and 16/-

Then there is "4711" Tosca Perfume.
In attractive Blue and Gold Case 12/6. Half Size 6/6.
DeLuxe model in square cut bottle with gilt cap 12/-.
Other sizes 2/6 and 5/-.

The alluring Tosca aroma sets the seal of refinement on many other "4711" Tosca Toiletries—Cream, Powders, Soap, Bath Salts and Brillantine—and pays fragrant tribute to beauty.

"4711"
Presentation Cases
Containing "4711" Genuine Eau
de Cologne and "4711" Toiletries
Prices from 3/3 to 27/-

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne
In Pear-shaped bottle with Nickel
screw cap.
Price 10/6



8.4711.



Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL



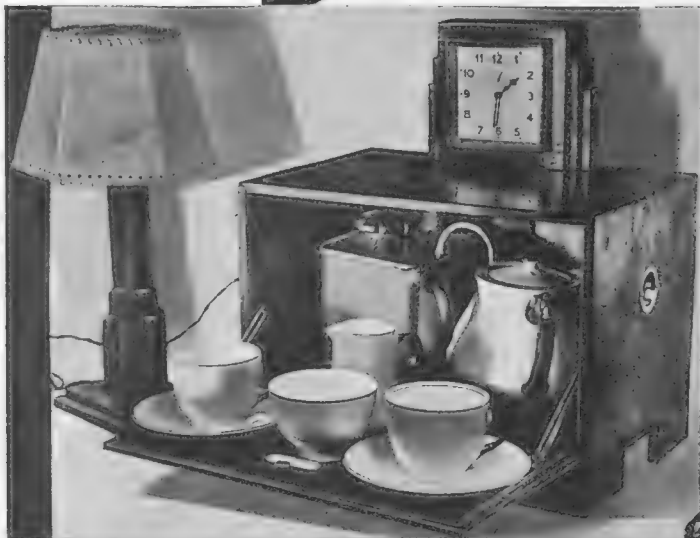
That a visit be paid to the gifts department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; there may be seen the useful dog calendar pictured, also the book - ends and the quaint corkscrew



That smokers be given something from Swaine and Adeney's, Piccadilly; there is the handbag fitted with cigarettes and matches, and the decidedly useful combined flask and cigarette case of which two views are given

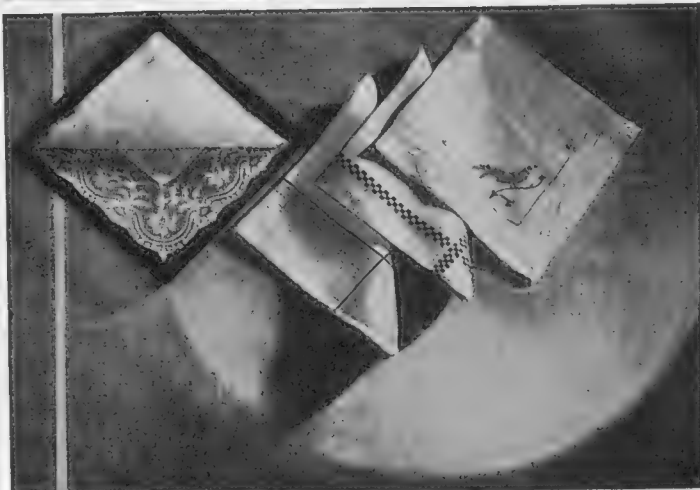
Useful gifts-

ADVISE



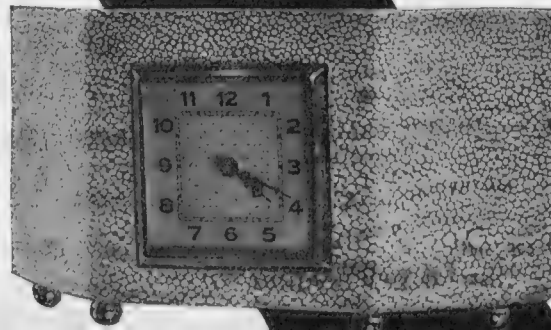
A "Teesmade" set from Harrod's, Knightsbridge; it is £4 15s. Set the clock, electricity boils the water, fills the kettle, sounds the alarm, and lights the lamp

Leather-covered luck bringers from Liberty's, Regent Street, as they are amusing, decorative, and inexpensive. The artistically decorated catalogue will prove a fount of inspiration



Something new in handkerchiefs from Coulson and Sons, New Bond Street. A quartette of their latest productions for Christmas appear above and include a real lace trimmed affair

That at least half-a-dozen of the guinea bags from Revelation, Piccadilly, be acquired. They are of leather fitted with a watch, one is on this page. There is also a fold-up case for a man and a shagreen clock



Pictures by Blake

Photograph of
"CHARMAZON"
Skin-fit Conturette No. 515
in tea-rose "Vellastic"
with bust sections
of needle-run lace,
low-cut back,
and invisible
diaphragm control.
Price 5½ gns.
post free



STAND STOOP OR SIT—THE MORE
YOU BEND, THE BETTER THEY FIT

A "CHARMAZON" Conturette
in the new "Vellastic" Fabric gives
sylph-like elegance to figures that have lost
their girlish slenderness because it fits like
a second skin, subtly seducing rebellious curves
into the flowing slenderlines that are the very
essence of the fashion. In front, side-to-side stretch
for slenderising control of hips and abdomen! At back, up-
and-down stretch for figure-conforming fit in every pose! See
yourself in a "CHARMAZON." Made in Britain for the discerning few

Charmazon

IN THE SALONS OF

DERRY & TOMS · KENSINGTON HIGH STREET · W8



ADVISE... INTIMATE GIFTS"



A British-made gift set manufactured by Conway Stewart and Company, comprising a "Dandy" Pen, "Duro-point" Pencil, and pen-knife

"Full-field" Sporting Spectacles, which are designed to afford a very large visual field in all kinds of sports. This unusual shape gives unimpeded vision just where it is needed. They are made by Theodore Hamblin, Ltd., of 15, Wigmore Street, W.1, and as the lenses are made of "Salvoc," hence the risk of damage to the eyes in case of accident is practically nil



A bag from Boots, as in their salons in Regent Street and elsewhere there is a more than representative collection at prices to suit all purses, and as will be seen from those pictured, in designs that are particularly attractive

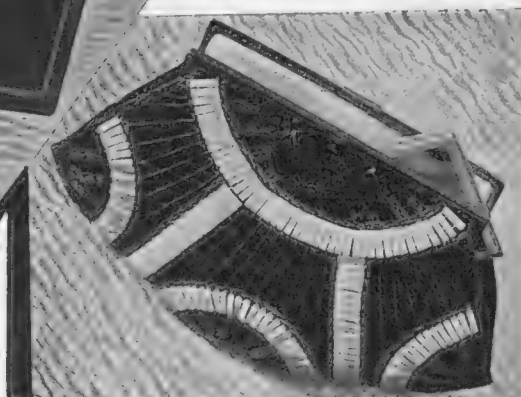


A cape-coatee like the one above from Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. It is expressed in ring velvet, the flowers which trim it being of the same fabric. The swathed drapery over the hips achieves the much-to-be-desired silhouette

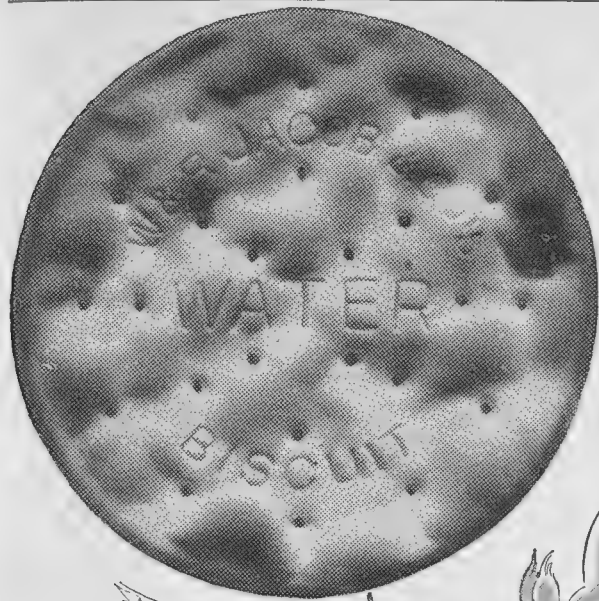


A bag that is a study in black and white from Jay's, Regent Street, W.1. Fine braid and ribbon share honours in the one at the top; the one at the base is of black silk embroidered with white and gold thread, while the one in the centre is ornamented with very life-like chromium dogs

Pictures
by Blake



This chair from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. It is made from the wood of the old sailing ship "Ganges"; the seat, reinforced with cushion, provides a receptacle for books, work, etc. Then there are miniature bowls for cigarettes and matches



Jacob's Water Biscuits have the *real* nutty flavour~

the most delicious thing that ever happened

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S". And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. You can get Jacob's at your own grocer's — high-baked or ordinary. In tins of various sizes and in the new and completely AIRTIGHT carton ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. nett).



W. & R. Jacob & Co., Ltd., are makers of the original and best Cream Crackers, also Marie, Puff Cracknels, Goldgrain, Jabisco Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits, and over 300 other varieties.

service advertising

JACOB'S

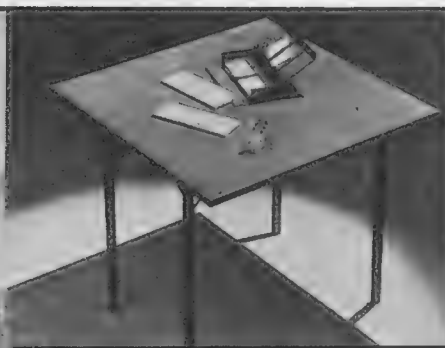
water biscuits



Folding Bridge Table and Chairs

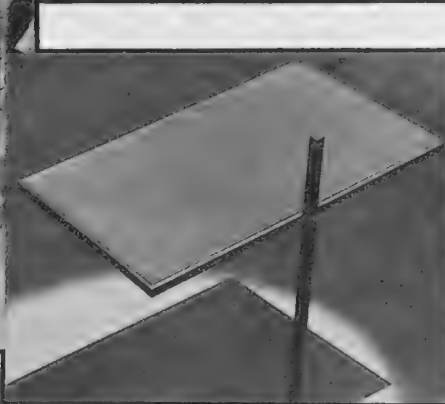
Above is a lacquer bridge set. Plush top to table, chair seats and backs. Beautifully decorated chair arms, pull-out ash trays and glass-holders. In themes of parchment, blue, green, red and black. Table £4 15 0, chairs, £2 15 0. Set complete, 15 guineas. In mahogany or oak, £11 5 6. Box of markers, 4/6. The little picture on the left shows how easy it is to fold up the set and put it away

See how handily the chairs of the Bridge Set fold up! And the table does likewise



BRIDGE TABLE
British made in dark wood or light oak with velveteen top in black, blue, brown, grey or green. Without ash trays, £1 5 0, with ash trays, £1 7 6. Glass cigarette stand, 7/6. Bridge box in coloured leather, 2 markers and two packs of cards and rules, £1 7 6

PATIENCE TABLE
British made with moiré reversible top and adjustable support to suit the height of any armchair. In green, red, blue or black, £1 5 0



The Gift Department

AN ACRE OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS

FORTNUM & MASON

182 Piccadilly W 1

Telephone : REGent 8040

"I ADVISE SMOKER'S GIFTS"

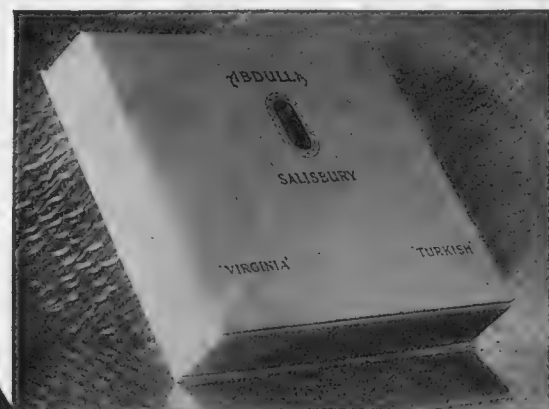


❖ "Mild Special No. 2 Format," "Sub Rosa Original," or "Turco" cigarettes, made by Sullivan, Powell and Co., 24, Hanover Square. They are hand-made and of choice and fragrant Oriental tobaccos. They are sold everywhere by the leading tobacconists

❖ A novelty of the season, the smoker's elevette, from Asprey's of Bond Street. It is built on the same principle as their cocktail spirit model. This signifies that it is perfect



❖ That fresh Craven "A" be sent as Christmas presents. The Thujia design casket is 7s. 6d., and there are velour boxes and the ever-popular red ones. The Craven "A" cigarettes are protected by moisture proof cellophane



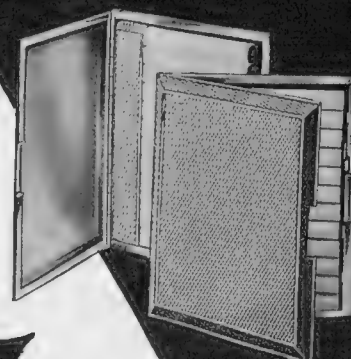
❖ As usual that Abdulla cigarettes should stand high on the Christmas lists. A new-comer this year is the Salisbary cabinet containing one hundred cigarettes for five shillings



❖ A box of Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, also a tin of No. 3 Virginias; neither must the "Bachelor" with cork tip be overlooked. Then there is the Airman Navy Cut, sold in quarter-pound tins



❖ That Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, Christmas catalogue be carefully studied. Among the much to be desired gifts in these salons are those pictured, viz. cocktail set, cigarette cases, and useful combined ash tray and lighter



AUTHENTIC FURS AT ECONOMY PRICES



BLENDÉD SABLES, 9, 12 and 15 gns. per skin
NATURAL SABLES, 19, 22 and 25 gns., etc., per skin

SABLES! Here you see a few of the splendid pelts for which in the Revillon interest the known world is ransacked, the unknown world explored. Very proper material for the hand of Revillon! A trio of them, or half a dozen perhaps, would make an admirable present for Christmas; for a sable tie or stole, like a pearl necklace, can always be added to. Come to 180 Regent Street and see them transformed into Revillon models—the source and centre of the mode, at prices of marked moderation.

Revillon

AUTHENTIC FURS

Revillon Frères (London) Ltd., 180 Regent Street, W. 1

PARIS

NEW YORK



Bottles of Crawford's "Special Reserve" and "Fine Old Star Liqueur"; the former is Scotland's standard blend and the latter, which costs a little more, is 24 u.p., and is a blend of well-matured whiskies for the connoisseur

A new decanter bottle of Jameson Liqueur Whiskey; the contents are at least twelve years old and the price is 13s. 6d. An even better present would be half-a-dozen bottles



That it be never forgotten that Johnnie Walker is still going strong, and that cases of two, three, six, or twelve bottles should be despatched at once



A bottle of John Haig's Gold Label Liqueur Scotch Whisky, which must most assuredly be accompanied by the decorative Dimple bottle



That when in doubt three bottles of White Horse Whisky should be chosen for a Yuletide gift, and they must be contained in the cheerful Christmas packing



King George IV. Scotch Whisky, as it is subtly blended. It holds its own all the world over; this proves that it must be satisfying to widely varying tastes



Pictures by Blake



HARVEY NICHOLS

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE



(Top.)

Leather Bottle-Case, fitted with 4 square bottles with numbered tops.

36/6

(Left.)

Leather Bridge Case, containing two packs of cards and four markers.

15/9

(Centre.)

Travelling Beauty Case, made exclusively for Harvey Nichols. The jars and bottles have chromium-plated screw tops.

42/-

(Right.)

Leather Bottle-Case containing 2 square bottles with handsomely carved cone tops.

49/6

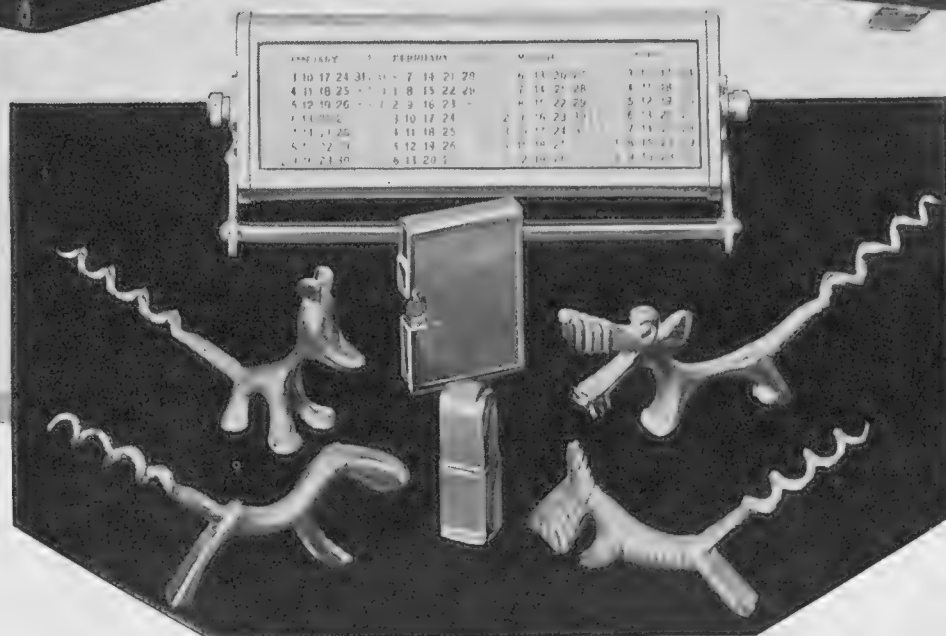
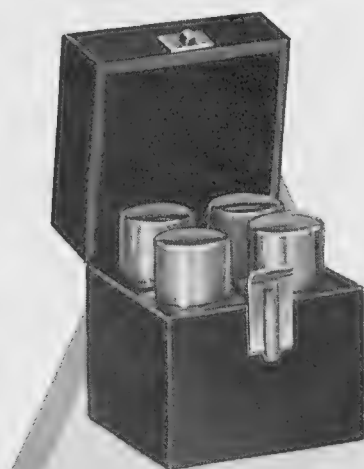
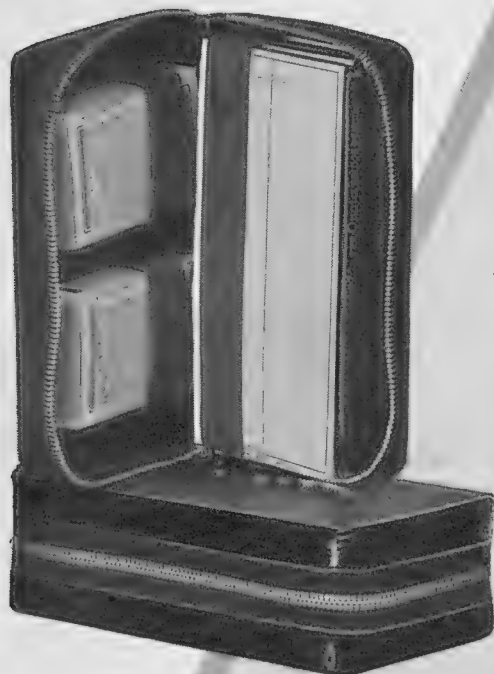
★

(Below.)

Triangular Calendar, chromium-plated, 21/-

Four modern Corkscrews: "The Johnnie Bear," 8/6. "The Derby Winner," "The Barking Dog," and "The Scottie," each 5/-

New Telescopic Lipstick and Lighter, engine-turned and lacquered. Each 7/6



GIFTS FOR EVERYONE
can be chosen in the
Gift Department on
the Ground Floor.

HARVEY NICHOLS
& Co. :: Ltd.
Knightsbridge S.W.1

Every woman has a beauty of her own, a charm, a personality, call it what you will, and in the majority of cases it needs to be discovered and properly cared for, and Elizabeth Arden, or one of her experts, is

waiting and pleased to do this. Her London artistic salons are 25, Old Bond Street; she has representatives all over the world, and has achieved great things in making beauty international. Her treatments provide just what the skin needs, while her exercises give unto the figure grace and poise, enabling it to cast off superfluous tissue. It is about Christmas gifts that it is essential to write to-day. Mere trifles but of great value are the skin tonic and eye lotion, indeed any offering will be increased by the addition of these. The eye lotion relieves the pain caused by the strain and work engendered by the Christmas festivities; the eyes should be bathed with it whenever opportunity occurs, and the skin tonic soothes flushed faces and banishes the roseate hue from the nose. Furthermore, it has an exceedingly beneficial effect on the skin in general. And now about the Heavenly Twins, as the crushed morocco dressing cases on this page have been christened; one is fitted with enamel fittings arrayed in its second compartment, the other simply with a stand-up mirror. The cases are lined with a novelty rodier fabric. Separate jewel case with good lock and six bottles filled with Elizabeth Arden's liquid preparations, four jars with creams, two jars with powder. There are also other bottles for perfume, brushes and combs, and a compartment for manicure necessities.

A feature is likewise made of pochettes with different fastenings. There is one with a chiffon handkerchief passed through slots; another mission it performs is to introduce a telling touch of colour. Lipsticks in cases as well as tiny bottles of perfume do the work of fasteners, and the bags themselves are really *objets d'art* and their charm must be seen to be appreciated.

Picture by Blake



SELECT YOUR RING AND BUY IT UNDER THIS MODERN PAYMENT PLAN ★

At Benson's there is an immense selection of rings designed in accord with the latest styles and set with first quality gems by expert craftsmen whose fine workmanship is eloquent of their skill.

And every ring from Benson's is priced at a figure which shows the advantage of dealing with one of the largest jewellery houses in Europe which can often buy upon specially advantageous terms, the benefit of which is passed to customers.

★ *Payment for anything selected from Benson's stocks of rings, pocket and wristlet watches, chains, jewellery, clocks and electric clocks, plate, etc., can be spread over a period to suit customers' convenience. The cash price only is paid, no interest being charged for credit facilities. Inquiries are invited.*

Inspect Benson's large stock at their showrooms or write for free illustrated catalogues. Please state requirements, mentioning *The Tatler*.

JW Benson LTD.

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS SINCE 1749
West End House: City Showrooms:
25, OLD BOND STREET, 62-64, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, W.1 LONDON, E.C.4





Featured in velvet in a most becoming shade of orange is this ensemble. The very new coatee is trimmed with flowers of self velvet. Priced at **7½ GNS.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OF BIRMINGHAM

(WARWICK HOUSE LTD.)

An illustrated gift book just published by Marshall & Snelgrove of Birmingham will gladly be sent free on request.

IDEAL XMAS GIFTS



ATTRACTIVE SILK SCARF in heavy-weight crepe in a large variety of two and three tone effects, including black/white, navy/white, navy/lido, brown/beige, black/beige/chanel red, brown/beige/orange, etc., etc. Price **11/6**

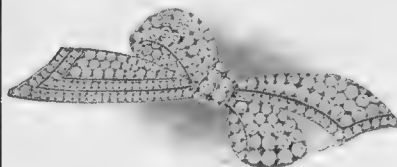


REAL GAZELLE GLOVES, English make, lined with silk; for present wear. Stocked in slate, brown, mid-grey, beaver and black. Price per pair **15/9**



3 PAIRS of EXQUISITE HOSE pure silk throughout, in any colour, will be sent post free in dainty GIFT BOX

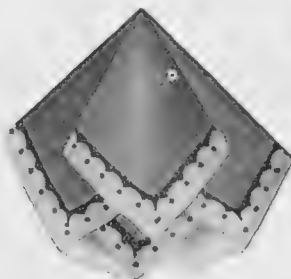
Price **20/-** for the three pairs.



WOOL CRAVAT of exclusive design which has a novel pointed back that ensures a snug fit, and can be worn outside the collar if desired. In nigger/white/orange, marine/lido/saxe, black/oyster/chanel red, black/white/dove, myrtle/deer/champagne, and many other colour schemes. **21/-**

A VERY SMART UMBRELLA with attractive handle of real LIZARD and IVORY. The covers are of fine quality silk, and may be had in all the season's fashionable colours. Price **21/-**

THIS BEAUTIFUL CLIP for EVENING GOWNS has been specially made in gift box complete. Price **55/-**



DAINTY COLOURED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS in a large variety of patterns. Price per dozen **12/6** Others from 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 & 15/- per dozen.



THE "JAY" FELT BAG in all the latest colours; the flap decorated with tailored stitching in self colours, charming gift. Without monogram **28/6** Complete **32/6**

JAY'S
Established nearly a Century. Ltd
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

ANTIQUES FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The subject of Christmas gifts, either for oneself or friends, is of paramount importance; therefore a visit must be paid to Donald's (41A, Maddox Street, W.1) by all in quest of antiques; there is really something for everybody. She appreciates the fact that women need something just a little more than a Christmas card; therefore she has gone back to antiquity and revived the oldest of all mascots—the nutmeg in a pretty box, decorated with a luck-bringing emblem; it is 2s. 6d. Bridge players believe that they are successful when they attach one to a bracelet or other ornament, while sufferers



Pictures by Blake

from rheumatism and that common though most painful trouble—corns—have long been eulogistic regarding its curative powers. This is, of course, merely a Christmas novelty, but it is in genuine antiques that Donald specializes. Pictured is a coffin-stool made of old oak, of which one may become the possessor for 2 guineas. The Toby jug is about one hundred years old, while the birthday of the old Chinese vase, fitted with electric lamp and shade, is problematical. Particularly to be desired is the shaving mirror, backed with real Queen Anne embroidery, for 2 guineas. Here is to be seen a unique collection of Styrian jade; there are cocktail glasses, cigarette boxes, ash trays, etc. The collection in these salons is daily augmented.



INEXPENSIVE GIFTS

THAT RADIATE FRIENDLINESS

If you would send a gift that would radiate friendliness in a home you know, let it be a gift of these beautiful candles. To bring colour and gaiety to the Christmas table—to shine on happy faces—to kindle old memories in their kindly glow. No name on your list but would be gratified by a gift so appropriate as Nell Gwynn candles.

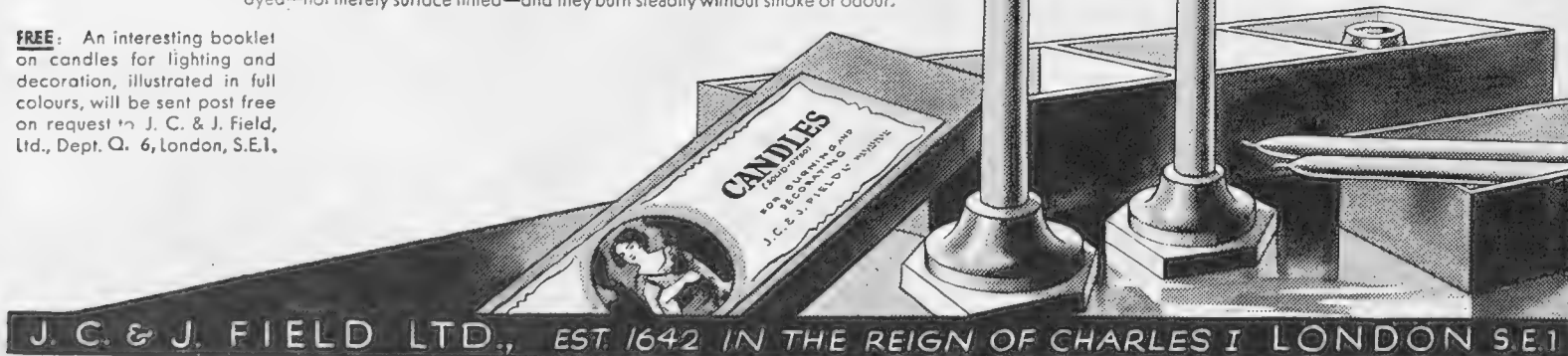
FIELD'S **Nell Gwynn**
CANDLES

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. Q. 6, London, S.E.1.

Nell Gwynn "Antique" Candles are the masterpieces of the candle-maker's craft. They form a beautiful and useful gift at little more than the price of a Christmas card. Two 8-inch Candles in Attractive Box — 1/- Per Box. Also obtainable in the new Gift Boxes, containing Two 8-inch Candles and Two Candlesticks to match — 2/6 Per Box.

Gift Box containing four 14-inch Candles and four Candlesticks to match—5/- Per Box. (as illustrated)



J. C. & J. FIELD LTD., EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I LONDON S.E.1

AVA IS MADE TO DO

YOUR SKIN GOOD

It is the treatment of Ava's ingredients by ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS that gives this soap such powers to benefit your skin. Perfumed with lovely Eau de Cologne, Ava Soap is also really economical in use.



Eau de Cologne
SOAP

8d. per Tablet, Box of 3 Tablets 2/-, Guest size Tablet 3d.

Ava Eau de Cologne, ½ oz. 1/6, to 4 oz. 9/-.

½-pint Wicker Bottle 15/-.

Ava Eau de Cologne Shaving Cream 1/-.

Ava Eau de Cologne Brilliantine 1/6.

Ava Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative 1/-.

**AVA
GIFT BOXES
FOR XMAS**

For Ladies, ½-oz. bottle of Ava Eau de Cologne and two tablets of Ava Eau de Cologne Soap. Price 2/10.

For Men, a bottle of Ava Eau de Cologne Brilliantine and tube of Ava Eau de Cologne Shaving Cream. Price 2/6.

AVA PRODUCTS ARE BRITISH AND MADE IN LONDON

THE WORLD'S FINEST TOY SHOP

Boys
and girls
stand spell-bound

There was never a toy shop like Hamleys of Regent Street. Everything is there for a child's delight. Hundreds of toys never seen before. Models they can see actually working. The fine model railway, with a regular train service. A model boat pond. Motor cars for the little driver. Amazing modern labour-saving devices for Dolly's house.

THE COUNTRY COTTAGE Bring them to Hamleys this Christmas. They can see a wizard performing Hamleys' own conjuring tricks. They will see the wonderful Country Cottage—a darling little home, quite big enough for the children to live in, with the most perfect miniature furniture and fittings. They mustn't miss them on any account.

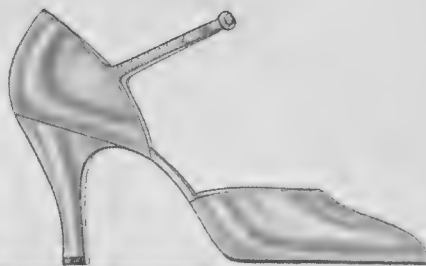


200-202 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Yes,
you must
take the
children to

Largest Shoe Shop in the World

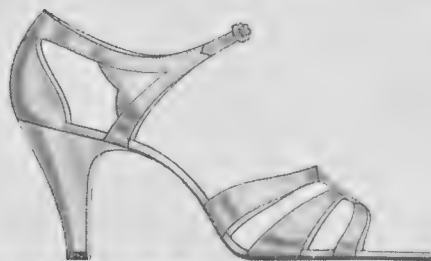
Exclusive, correct,
fashionable examples
of the Season's Mode
in Evening Wear.



72×197

In Gold or Silver
Kid. 35/6

White or Black
Crêpe Continental
Model. 25/6



72×190

Toeless Sandal in
Gold or Silver Kid.
British Made.

25/6

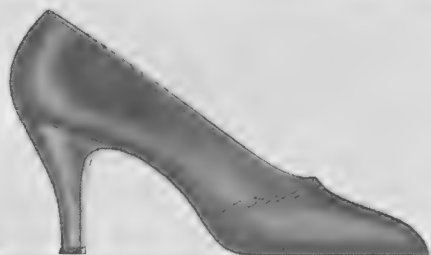
In White Crêpe.
21/-



70×22

London Hand Made.
Court in Wine
Velvet. 45/6

Also Black Crêpe
or Satin Crêpe &
in White Satin.
A, B, C & D fittings.
35/6



61×462

Black Crêpe and
Satin. London
Made. 39/6

Lilley & Skinner Ltd
358-360 Oxford Street &
Stratford Place W. 1.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The last of the big shows of the year takes place on December 7 and 8. The National Dog Show, which is held at Birmingham on these dates, has the distinction of being the oldest show in Britain; this is the sixty-ninth exhibition—the first was in 1859. It has several other distinctions which make it beloved of exhibitors; the first is, it is one of the best shows of dogs there is, and the other that it has an atmosphere of extreme friendliness that no other show has attained to; all exhibitors feel this and always enjoy Birmingham. The president, Sir Walter Evans; the chairman, Mr. Willmot; Mr. McCandlish; the secretary, Mr. Keeling, and all the officials and helpers contribute to make this feeling, which is unique to Birmingham Show. The judging for the special cups begins on the second day at 10.30; the special for the best dog in the show is awarded

in the afternoon.
* *

Ever since the French bull-dog first appeared in England Mrs. Romilly has been one of its most devoted and successful adherents. She is one of those fortunate people who seem to have the art of turning out champion after champion. Many are the famous dogs which have come from the Taplow kennels. The photograph is of the latest, Ch. Jasper of Taplow. Jasper is the winner of seven certificates, and it can be seen from the photograph how he excels in bone and head. There is one peculiarity about Mrs. Romilly's exhibits; she has never shown either a bad dog or a bad show-er. For the latter she deserves the thanks of all judges, who so often are expected to see the points of a dog which is either lying



CH. JASPER OF TAPLOW
The property of Mrs. Romilly



GREAT DANES
The property of Mrs. Lee Booker

Booker finds a demand for them, and no wonder, as they are not only splendid guards, but delightful companions and house dogs, and like all large dogs, do not require an abnormal amount of exercise.

Miss Gripper has recently taken up the breeding of dalmatians, and as she is very keen and is starting with good ones she should go far. She has some puppies for sale now; also a very fine dog, nine months old with plenty of bone and well marked; he should make a good companion; he is as well bred as possible. The dalmatian has become very popular lately; he is a very handsome dog.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

flat in the ring or whirling like a top at the end of a string. Mrs. Romilly's dogs are always trained to show to perfection; other exhibitors, please copy.

In the last Notes there was a picture of Mrs. Brownrigg's Apsos, or Tibet lion dogs; now I give one of the one belonging to Mrs. Bruce. Sungari is a most engaging lady and full of character. Mrs. Bruce says "she is adorable as to character, very affectionate and good-tempered, but very sporting; a great hunter, well, and fast, and a good nose; not at all a lap dog." Mrs. Bruce showed Sungari at Inverness, where she created quite a sensation. These Oriental dogs all seem to possess decided characters, and these have not lost their sporting and, may I say Highland, instincts through their long residence in Pekin.

Mrs. Lee Booker's great danes are well known to us. She sends a fine picture of three of her dogs. Great danes have so much "presence"; they always attract attention.
Mrs. Lee



TIBET LION DOG
The property of Mrs. Bruce

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IDEAL
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FOR A WASH OR ODD
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them, while our gaily-coloured modern bedcovers are worth more than the 5 guineas we ask. Motoluxe Gloves at 25/-, Pram Rugs at 27/6, and Foot Muffs at 37/6 to match any of the twenty-five fur shades in which we make our rugs, are other possibilities to bear in mind when compiling your Christmas shopping list. Motoluxe productions are obtainable at all leading stores.

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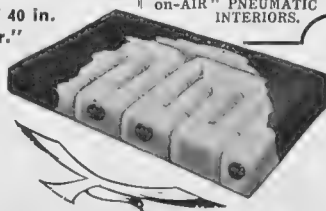
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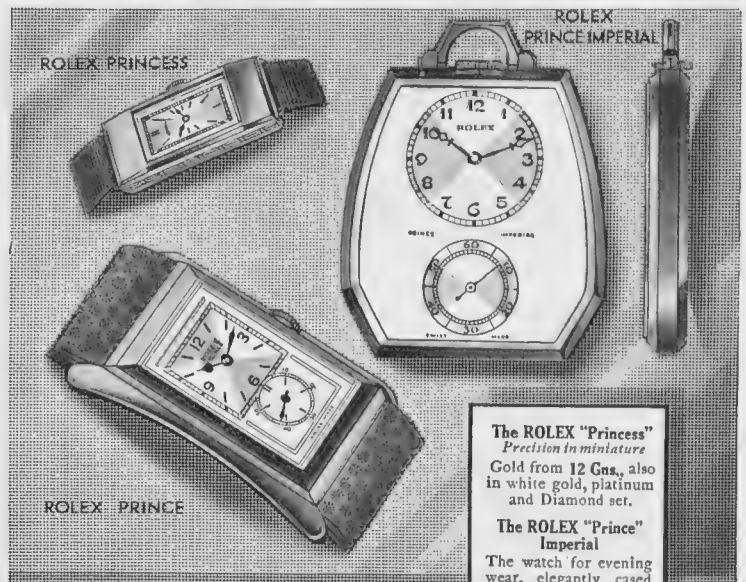


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Next June.

The engagement was announced recently between Mr. Ivan Francis Low, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the elder son of the late Major and Mrs. H. F. Low, and Miss Angela Bowen, the only daughter of Major Sir Edward and Lady Bowen of Chesterton House, Cirencester, and the marriage will take place in June.

Weddings Abroad.

On December 14 Commander Edward Blake Hoyle, R.N. (ret.), and Miss Rhona Welch are being married quietly in Egypt; Mr. J. E. O. Walker, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, and Miss N. A. Melville are being married in Allahabad, India, at the end of January; the marriage is to take place quietly at the end of December in Bombay between Mr. Arthur Paul Benthall of Calcutta, and Miss Mary Lucy Pringle of Horeham Road, Sussex; December 23 is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Antony Pugh and Miss Helen Lowe, which will take place at the British Consulate in Rio de Janeiro; and on January 19 Mr. Corry de Candole, R.A.M.C., marries Miss Nancy Luce in Bombay; the marriage arranged between Mr. L. J. Mackinnon of Laluma, Melbourne, and Miss Jora Jay of 124, Knightsbridge, will take place early in the New Year in Sydney, N.S.W.



Dorothy Wilding
MISS NANCY ANN SOREL-CAMERON

The eldest daughter of the late Lieut. Herbert A. Sorel-Cameron, R.N.R. (killed in action in 1915), and Mrs. H. A. Sorel-Cameron, whose marriage to Mr. John Ralph Carlisle-Taylor of Karachi, the only son of the late Mr. Charles Carlisle-Taylor of Pilgrim Cottage, Henley-on-Thames, takes place in Bombay early in January

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Hugh Peacock, the only son of the late Mr. Hugh Peacock of Greatford, and of Mrs. Peacock of Woodlands, Thorpe, Norwich, and Miss Marjorie Brassey, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Edgar Brassey and Mrs. Brassey of Dauntsey, Chippenham, Wilts; Mr. Quentin Macfadyen, Hong Kong Civil Service, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Macfadyen, Hong Kong, and Miss Jean Buchanan, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan of Fulwood, Preston; Lieutenant M. K. Cavenagh Mainwaring, R.N., the son of Major and Mrs. Cavenagh Mainwaring of Whitmore Hall, Staffordshire; and Miss Iris Cantacuzene Denaro, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. A. Denaro of Malta.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. R. ANDREWS

Captain E. R. Andrews, 5th (Burmah) Bn. 8th Punjab Regiment, and Miss Joyce Harrison were married recently at St. Mary's Church, Quetta. This photograph shows the bridal couple leaving the church under an archway of swords held by the officers of the 8th Punjab Regiment and Royal Engineers

This Month and Next.

Mr. Patrick McLaughlin of Malvern, and Miss Olive McConnell of Oxford, are being married on December 8 at St. Saviour's Church, St. George's Square, Westminster; Mr. G. G. R. Rodd marries Miss Yvonne Marling at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on the 6th; on the 14th Mr. Anthony Semence and Miss Violet Stephens are being married quietly at the Chapel of the Savoy; and on January 17 Mr. Nicholas I. Charrington is marrying Miss Rosemary Pilkington at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge.

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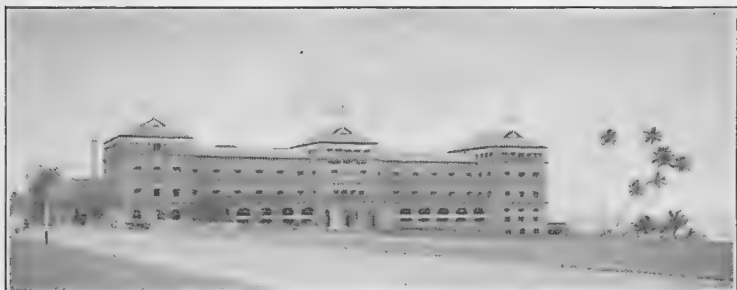
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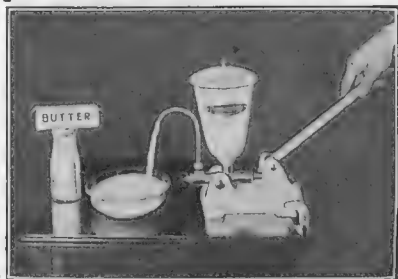


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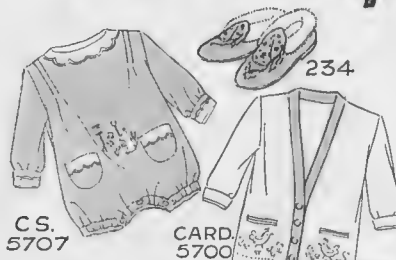
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DRESS AND TRUNK DRAWERS 118/380. White, Sky, Flesh and Primrose. 16 ins. only, 16/6

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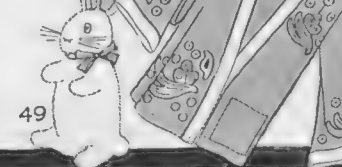
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KNICKERS RD. 700/Style 4. Naphail belt. White only. Wms., 4/6.

DRESSING JACKET 5742/436. Pale Blue, Flesh and Primrose. Wms., 15/-. 16 ins. 16/6.

DJ. 5742

CHEM-VEST 700/Style 1. Brassiere top. White only. Wms., 6/3.



49

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from p. 356*

better advantage. After a tip-top eighty minutes from Harding's covert to ground in Grimble Wood, another fox fled from the same earth and hounds then ran like wildfire for ninety minutes longer. They crossed nearly twelve miles of country and did not check until reaching the badger earths at Girsby, in Southwold country. The field was spread-eagled from the start and everywhere there were "bellows to mend." Only about five got to the finish.

Will the indiscretions of people who follow hounds in motor cars ever cease? They should recognize that exhaust fumes are most detrimental to scent and that the heading of foxes is a terrible sin!

Over-exuberance on Saturday spoilt at least one promising gallop. I learn that with one pack a system of "capping" the cars has been introduced. Not a bad idea, and it may have a salutary effect!

From Warwickshire

Scent this week has been practically non-existent, but hounds and staff made the best of it, and a big crowd of horse lovers turned up on Friday night at Wykham Park to support the old War Horse Ball, which went with a dash. The ladies' casualty list is becoming lighter. Mrs. Fanshawe and Mrs. Bennet are on the walking list, complete with collar-bones, and Beryl is on her horse once more. The biggest crowd that ever graced a Warwickshire Tuesday descended upon Honington, including a steeplechasing contingent headed by Gerry Wilson, Robin Mount, and Reggie West, who were all on performers, with "Sonny" Hall to see how they did it. Victor and "the Count" did their bit to electrify the atmosphere, but beyond a short burst heading out into lovely country but ceasing abruptly, nothing thrilling to relate.

On Thursday, at Ufton, the foxes were quickly forced away, but equally quickly went to ground within a field or two; the sorry spectacle of a young carthorse gored to death by a bull was in the first field in which hounds checked—said bull glowering at us all over the gate. Our quarry, nothing daunted, bolted under his very nose; but discretion being the better part of valour, no member of the field offered an amateur rodeo exhibition.

Fog cast its enveloping mantle next day over the Burton Hills, so a long ringing hunt followed later by a spin from Kineton Coverts brought us fortuitously to the kennel doors; and so "good night."

In our last issue we stated that the Old Millhillians R.F.C. beat the Old Leysians by 34 points to 5. This was incorrect, as the Old Leysians won by 6 points to 3. We apologize for the error.

Pictures in the Fire—*continued from p. 380*

Whilst we take off our hats to that lion-hearted and short-legged little man, Speck, for winning the Becher 'Chase on Thomond II with the saddle underneath his horse instead of on his back, it is probable that the performance of one George Williamson, on Manifesto in the Grand National of 1900 (I think), beats it for sheer cool-headed pluck, and I will tell you why I say so. It was a very wet year, and the course was very heavy and apt to be slippery at the turns, so Mr. Topham, with his usual care, took measures to counteract things. In spite of them, however, Manifesto slipped up on his side after jumping the Canal Turn open ditch (nowadays not a ditch but a plain flying obstacle). Manifesto got up very quickly, and George Williamson never left the saddle—"dish" or "plate," but in the scramble one of his feet slipped clean through the stirrup-iron, and he found himself in the awkward fix of having the iron half-way up his boot and not an earthly chance of getting it clear, for the fences come thick and fast, and anyway I do not think anyone could right a thing like that with one hand. The position then was that if Manifesto had fallen again or been knocked over, George was certain to be dragged and most probably killed. If I remember right this happened at the Canal Turn from the first time round, and the high merit of this performance of the jockey needs no stressing. Racing boots have only an apology for a heel, and when wet and greasy with mud are a bit apt to encourage this kind of disaster. However, I have always thought that that was one of the best efforts ever seen at Aintree. The saddle on Thomond II began to slip three fences from home and went west (or south) after the last fence. To ride a good finish bare-back at the end of 2½ miles of the Aintree course is a fine achievement, especially for a short-legged man. Mr. Harry Brown's game performance on The Bore in 1921, when this fine exponent collected a broken collar-bone when the horse fell at the last fence, and yet finished second, must, of course, be mentioned, but I don't suppose H. B. felt that collar-bone go at the actual moment. You don't as a rule; it is only afterwards that it makes you feel a bit sea-sick!

A book no fox-hunter can do without is "The Hunting Diary and Guide" (Walter Goldsmith and Co., Ltd., Lincoln's Inn), and I am always glad to see its rubicund countenance at the beginning of each hunting season. Quite apart from its being such a useful thing in which to record how often you break your collar-bone, or have merely to pay someone 6d. for a-catchin' your 'oss, it is crammed full of information and records, masters, huntsmen, hounds, past happenings.

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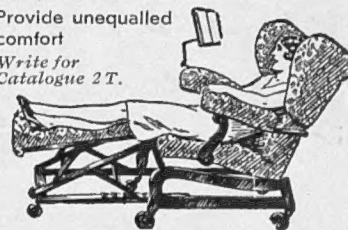
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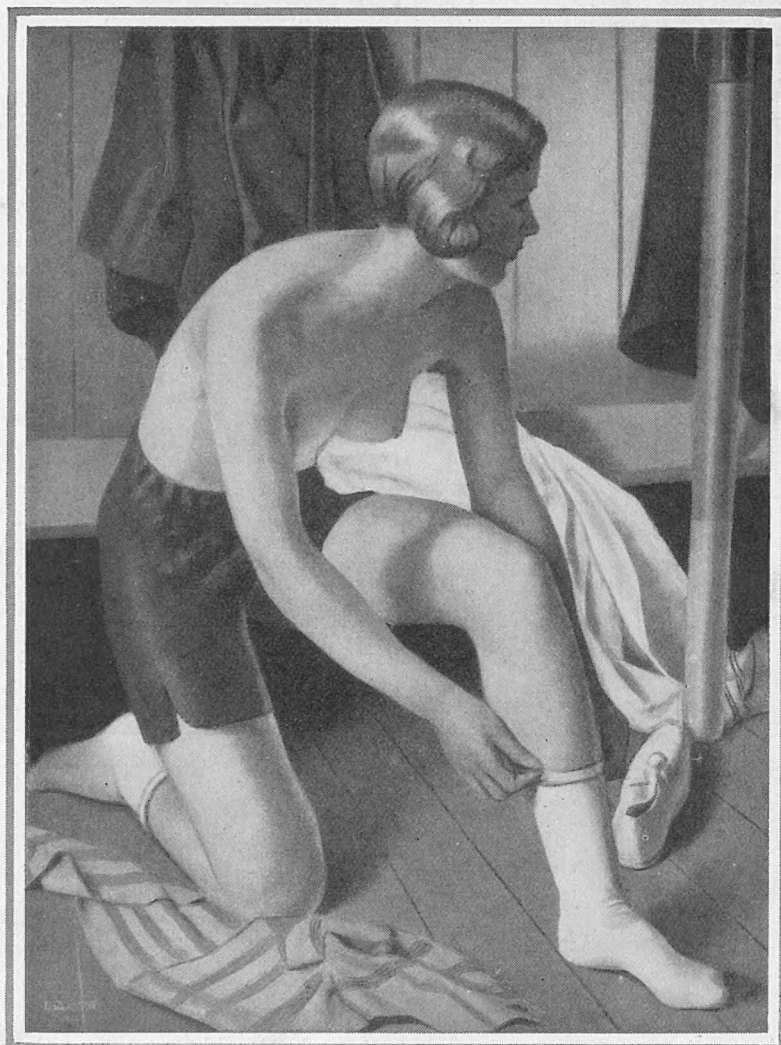


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